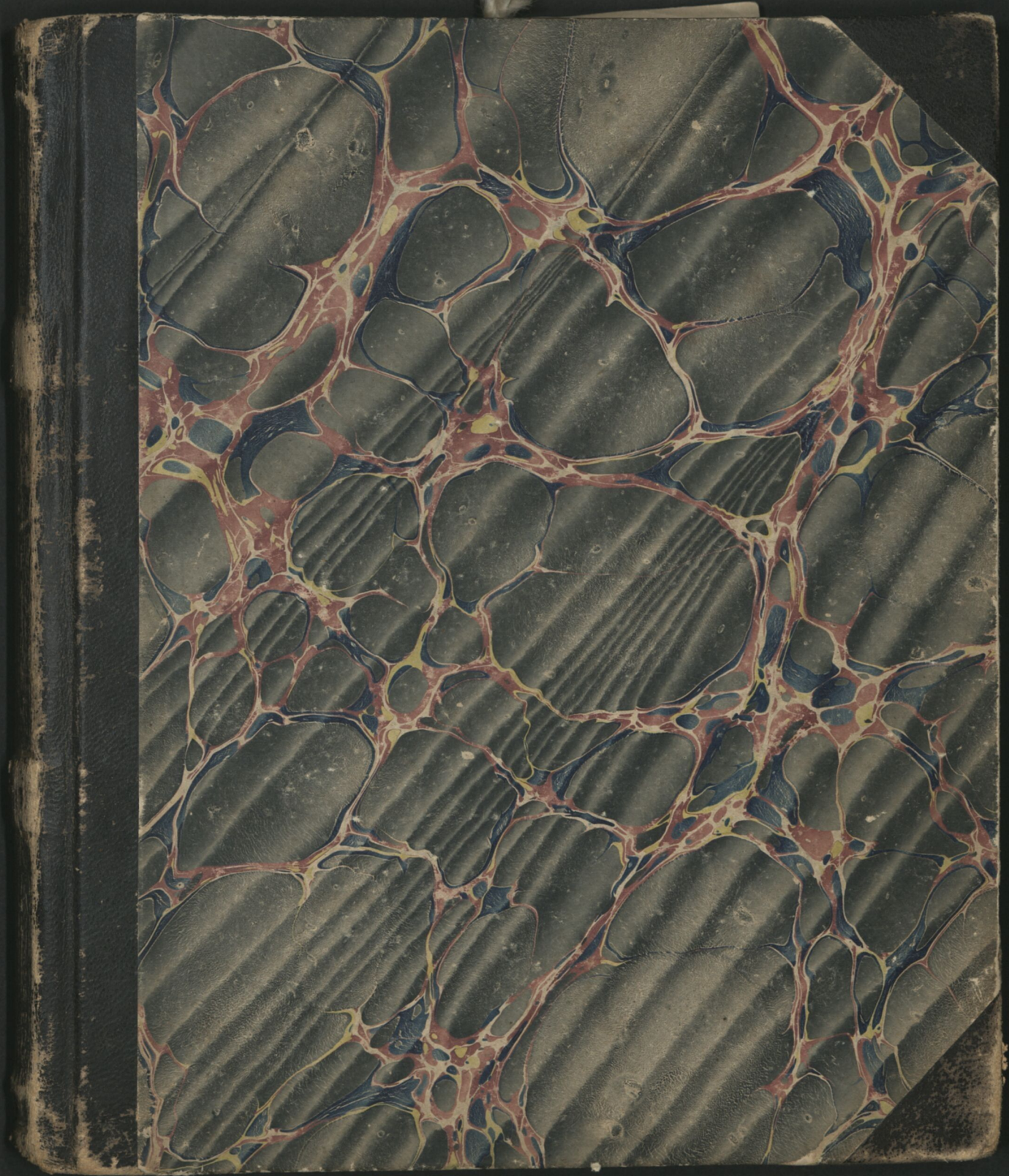




Plum's address to the King Desiring assistance to repair
a Mansion — Extracted from the New cyclopaedia — 7. 11. 31st 1807.

O wilt thy Poet gracious Prince,
And free his heart from care;
All that he wishes is competence

His Mansion to repair.
Those mouldering walls, which long have stood
Offensive to the eyes,
A Temple then to gratitude
Shall renovated rise.

His Groves near yonder wandering stream
Whose Banks with willows are crowned;
Thus consecrated Groves shall seem,
And shade the hallowed ground.

Philadelphia.

Extracted 7. 11. 31st 1807
Benjamin Albertson

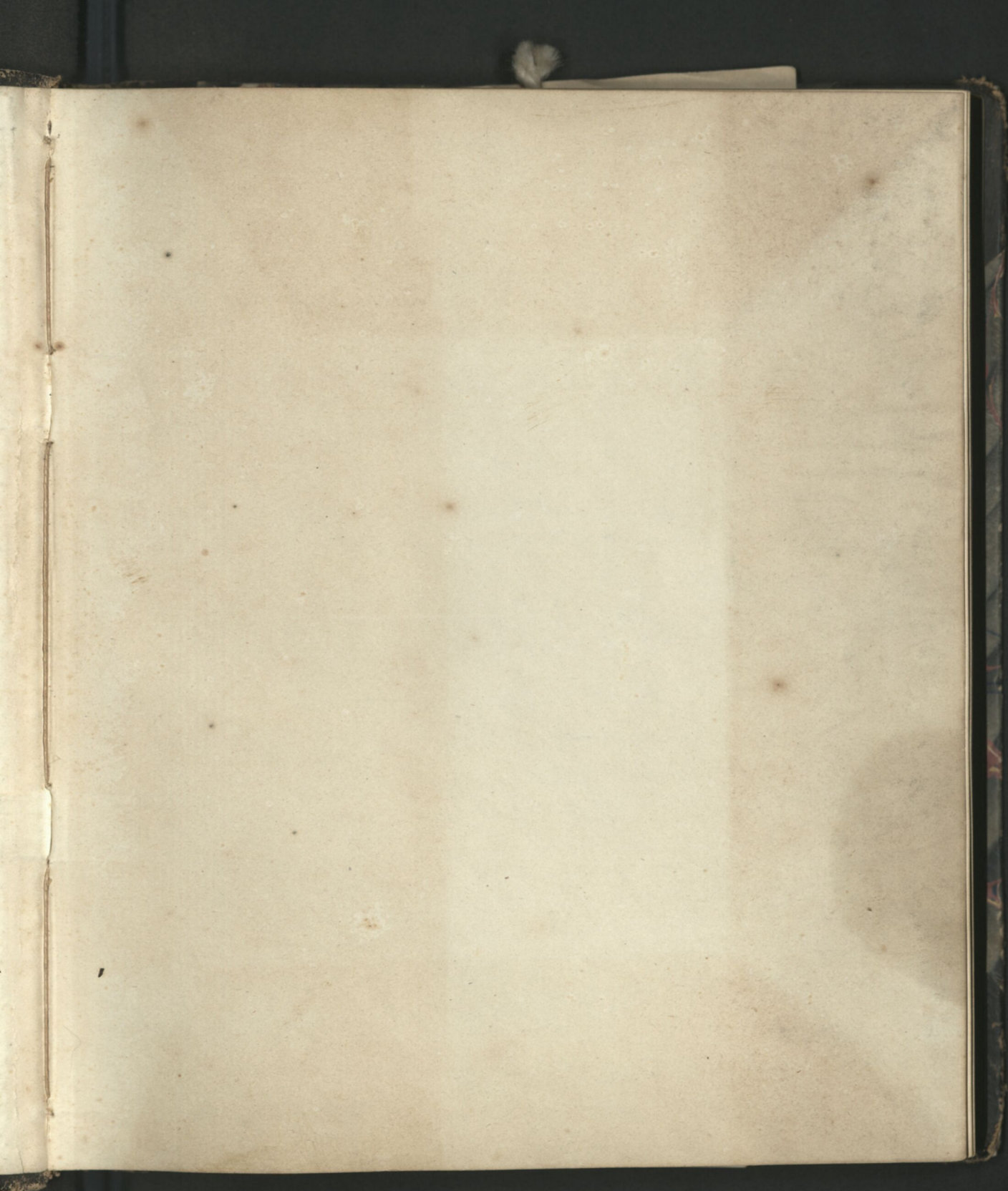
JOSEPH MURTY,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,

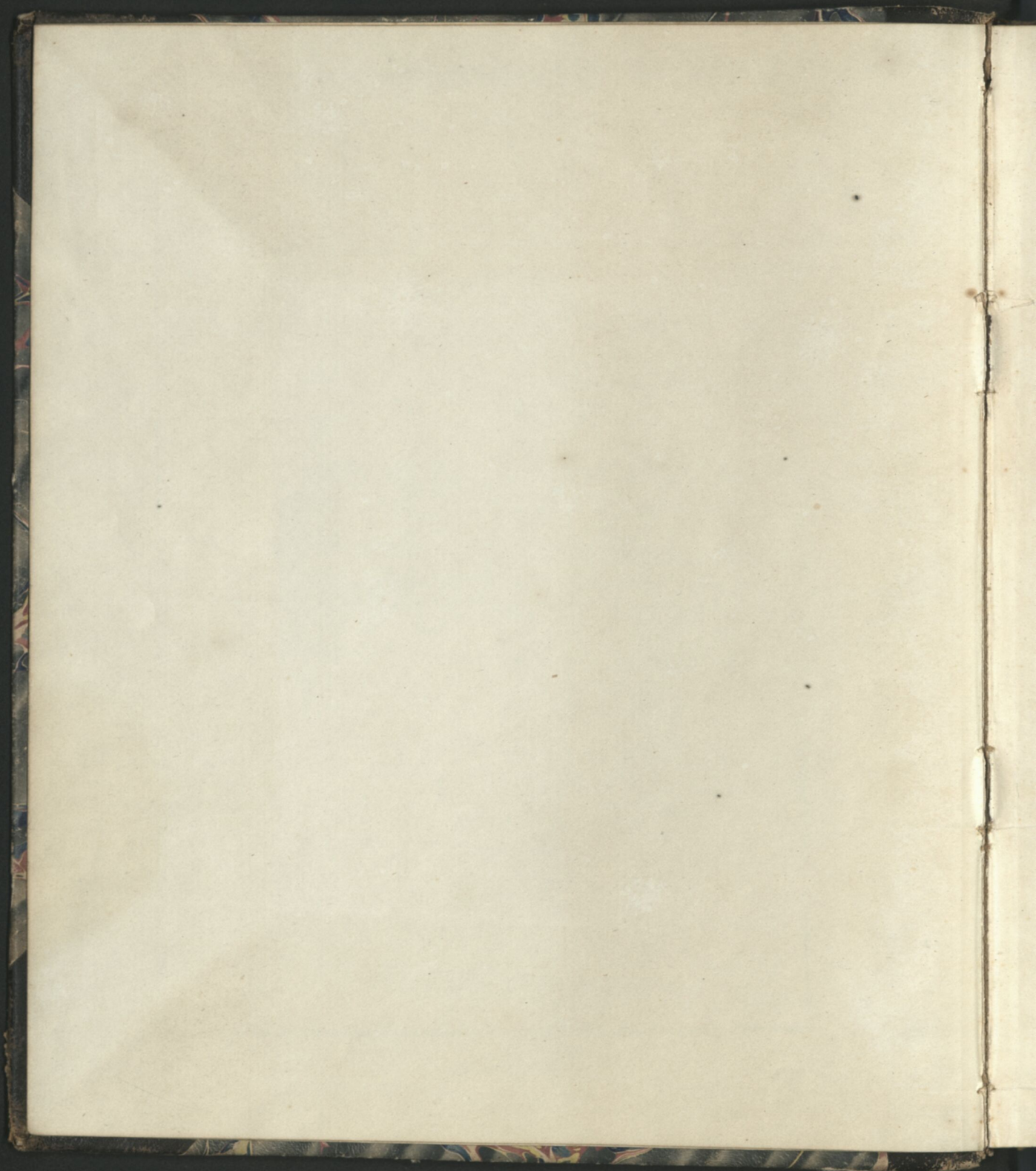
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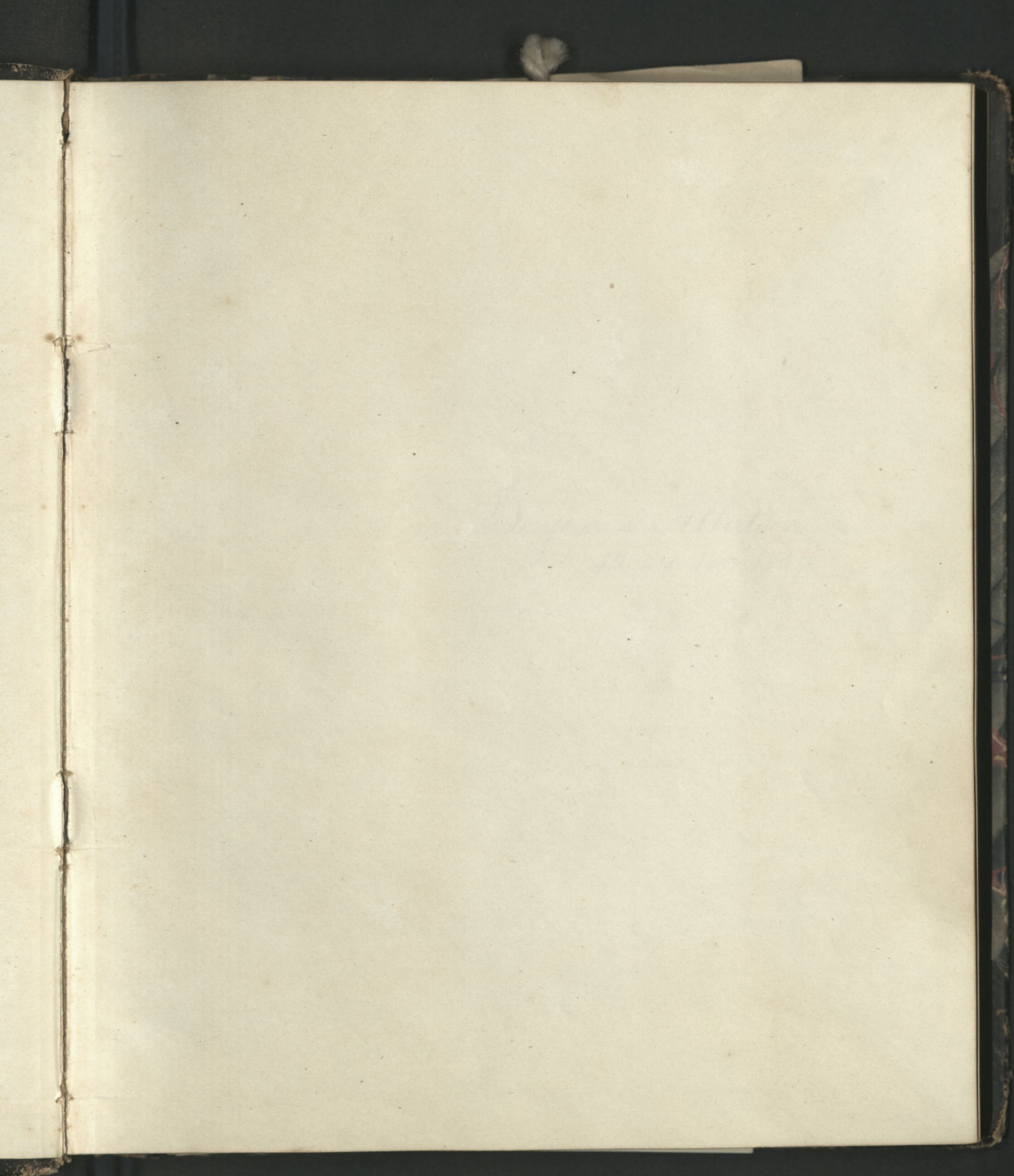


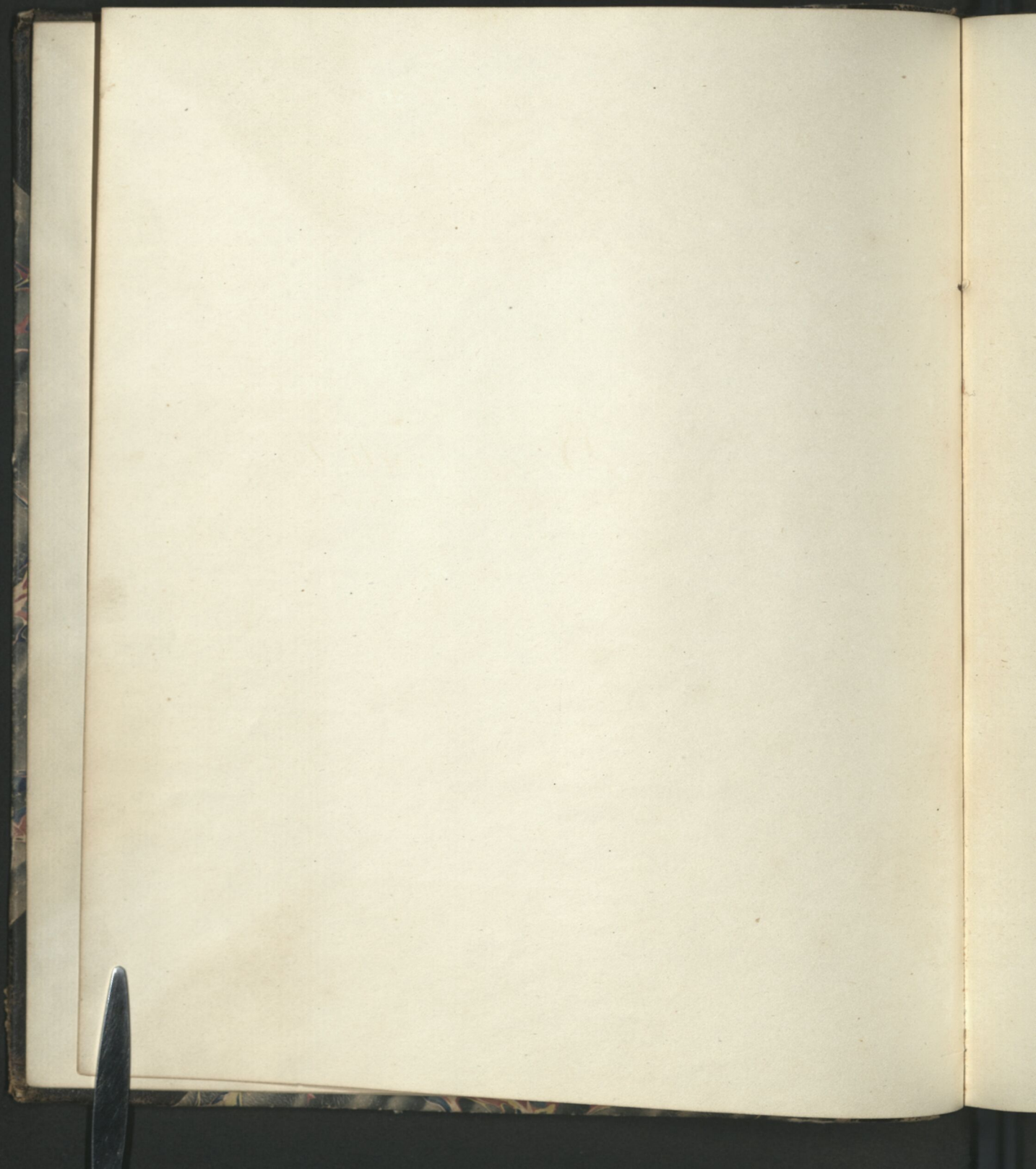
ENGRAVER

No. 407 Chestnut Street, above Fourth,
PHILADELPHIA.

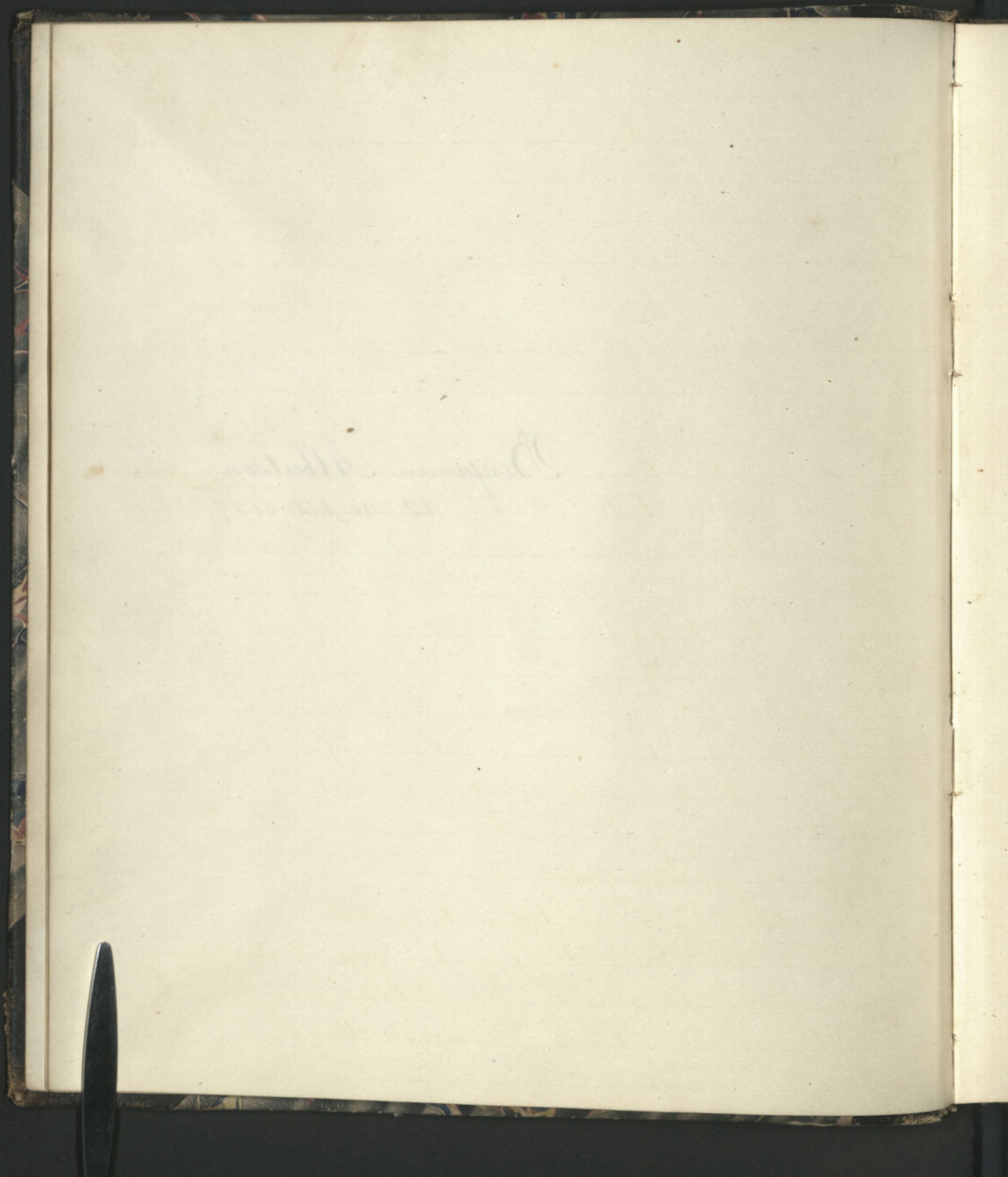








Benjamin Albertson
12 mo. 1st. 1859.



The Quaker.

The quaker stood under his smooth broad brim,
In his garment so plain, so simple and trim;
'Twas better than royal robes to him
Who looked to the inward part.

Foregoing the honors and wealth of earth
He emptied his breast of the praise of birth
To seek the treasures of matchless worth
Reserved for the pure in heart.

And he heard a sigh at the lofty look
Of the mitred head o'er the gilded book;
And a view of the costly drapery took
With a meek and pitying eye:
"Alas," said he, as he turned away,
From the splendid temple, the grand display,
"What honor to worldly pomp they pay
In the name of the King Most High."

Then he looked around on his proud land,
 Where those of his faith were a suffering band,
 Enchained in conscience and under the hand
 Of merciless oppress:

"I'll seek," said the Quaker, "a happier shore
 Where I and my people may kneel before
 The shrine we erect to the God we adore
 And none shall our right molest.

And sick of the sounding of empty things,
 Of beggerly strife in the land of kings,
 His dove-like spirit unfurled her wings
 For a bold and venturous sweep.

She wafted him safe, o'er billow and spray
 Twix the sea and the sky, through a pathless way
 To a beautiful sylvan scene, which lay
 Far over the boiling deep.—

And when he came down, unruffled and staid,
 When along the skirt of a peaceful shade
 The Schuylkill and Delaware, rolled and made
 Their friendly waters unite.

The Indian sprang from his light canoe,
 The bird to the topmost bough withdrew
 And the deer skipped up on the cliff to view

The new and unseemly sight:

The tomahawk dropped from the red man's hand,
When he saw the Quaker advance and stand,
Presenting his purse, but to share the land
He had come to possess with him:

And scanning his bland and noble face
Where goodness was all that his eye could trace, -
He haughtily smiled at its hiding place
Far under the hat's broad brim.

"I shoult find," said the Quaker, "in me and mine
But friends and brothers to thee and thine
Who abuse no power, and admit no line
Twixt the red man and the white,
Save the cords of love, as a sacred tie;
For our one great Father, who reigns on high
Regards the child with an angry eye
Who robs from his brother's right."

The Indian paused, and the Quaker stood
The righteous lord of the shadowy wood,
Like the Genius of thought in his solitude,
Till his spirit, the inner man,
Became too mighty to be repressed

2
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4
Beneath his drab in his ample breast
Had moved, and with neatness and, plainly dressed
Came forth; and his lips began:—

I may not swear but I'll prophesy,
This lofty forest, that towers so high,
Must bow, and his stately head will lie
On the lap of its mother earth.
When the stroke of the axe shall its pride subdue
Dismantle the dale, and the mountain too
Their branching honors the ground shall strew
To blaze on the peaceful hearth—

Where now the poor Indian scatters the sod
With offerings burnt to an unknown God,
By gospel-light shall the path be trod
To the courts of the Prince of Peace.
And here will Commerce appoint her mart;
The marble will yield to the hand of Art;
From the sun of science his rays will dart;
And the darkness of nature cease.—

And thus did the vision of prophesy
Expand and blaze to the prophets eye,
Till it grew so vast, and rose so high,

That the gentle words, which hung
Like a string of pearls, from his cautious lips,
On their silver thread he was fain to clasp,
Lest something more than the truth might slip
For once from a Quaker's tongue.

But the trees quaked, too, at the things he spoke;
For they knew that the knee of the knotted oak
Must bend for the row of the Quaker broke;
And they bowed and kissed the ground;
The hammer and axe had abjured repose:
And the mountains rang with their distant blows
As the forest fell and the City rose
And her glory beamed around.

Her laws were as righteous, pure, and plain,
As the warm in heart, and cool in brain,
To bind the strong in a silken chain,
Could in wisdom and love desire.
The tongue needed not the bond of a row,
And man to his fellow, man did not bow
To any beneath the skies.

The Quaker passed on from land to land,
With the lowly heart and the open hand,

Of one, who felt, where he soon must stand,
 And his final account give in:
 For long had he made up his sober mind,
 That he could not depart, and be fully resigned
 To leaving the fields of the earth behind,
 No better than they had been. —

And bright was the spot, where the Quaker came,
 To leave it his love, and impart his name
 That will sweetly sound from the trump of fame,
 Till its final blast shall die:
 The City he reared from his sylvan shade,
 His beautiful monument now is made,
 And long have the rivers their pride displayed
 In the scenes that are rolling by.

Finis.

If fading, ever fading, are the beautiful things
of earth.
If life is sorrow shaded, even from the hour of birth
How sweet 'twill be to find, when we from earthly
ties are riven,
That brightening, ever brightening, are the beautiful
things of Heaven.

Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er, and o'er,
I am nearer home to day
Than I've ever been before.
Nearer my Father's Throne
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the jasper sea;
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down.
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.
P. Carrey-

8
Death at School.
A cheerful voice is still!
A heart hath ceased to beat!
One desk you cannot fill,-
There is one vacant seat.

Your comrade, where is he?
List ye his blithesome tread?
Turn you his face to see,-
x He sleepeth with the dead.

There watch him in his sleep,
Gaze on his marble brow;
Ah! turn away and weep,
This grief becomes you now.

Mark ye his moveless rest;
Nor in the silent breath,
From that once heaving breast,
Disturb the calm of death.

Nay, do not hide that tear;
Ye need not fear to weep;
Nor while beside the bier,
A trembling heart to keep.

'Tis awful! pause, and say,
Death has been passing through;
Death might his cold hand lay
As well on you or me.

What is it then to die?
Is it to leave our mirth,
Our home, our friends, and lie,
Wrapped in the cold, damp earth?

Is it to be no more,
Our joys and sorrows past?
Our "dust to dust" restore,
And rest mere earth at last?

Oh! no it cannot be;
The form alone is dead;
His earthly garb we see;
His soul alone hath fled.

His soul hath fled, but where,
 Where shall our spirits go?
 And what shall be our share,
 Immortal joy, or woe?

Teach us, O God, to live,
 That when earth's conflicts cease,
 Thy welcome thou wilt give
 And holy rest, in peace. L.D.D.

Written on the death of J. A. Pharo.

+ He died 2 mo. 16th 1857. Aged about 13 years.
 who

Burning Letters

Fire, my hand is on the key.
And the cabinet must open!
I shall now consign to thee
Things of grief, and joy, and hope.
Treasured secrets of the heart
To thy care I hence intrust;
Not a word must thou impart,
But reduce them all to dust.

This — in childhood's rosy morn,
It was gaily filled and sent;
Childhood is forever gone!
Here, devouring element.
This was friendship's cherished pledge:
Friendship took a colder form.
Creeping on its gilded edge
May the blaze be bright and warm!

These — the letter and the token,
Never more must meet my view:
When the faith has once been broken,
Let the memory perish too!

12
Here comes the up the blotted leaf,
Blistered o'er by many a tear!
Hence — thou waking shade of grief,
Go — forever disappear!

This was penned while purest joy
Warmed the breast and lit the eye;
Fate that peace did soon destroy,
And its transcript, so will I!
This must go, for on the seal,
When I saw the solemn yew,
Scener was the pang than steel —
'Twas a heartstring snapped in two!

This — 'tis his who seemed to be
High as heaven, and true as light;
But the visor rose, and he —
Spare, oh memory! spare the sight
Of the face that frowned beneath, —
While I take it, hand and name,
And entwine it with a wreath
Of the purifying flame!

These — the hand is in the grave,
And the soul is in the skies,
Whence they came! 'twere pain to see
Cold remains of sundered ties!
Go together all, and burn,
Once the treasures of my heart!
Still my breast shall be an urn
To preserve your better part!

H. F. Gould.

Lines on Passing the Grave of
My Sister.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,
Now verdant with the depth of shade,
Beneath the white-armed sycamore,
There is a little infant laid.
Forgive this tear. A brother weeps.
'Tis there the faded flower sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
 And summer's forests o'er her wave;
 And sighing winds at autumn moan
 Around the little stranger's grave,
 As though they murmured at the fate
 Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like sorrow's own,
 Their funeral dirges faintly creep;
 Then deepening to an organ tone,
 In all their solemn cadence sweep,
 And pour, unheard, along the wild,
 Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came and passed. Can I forget,
 How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,
 Ere three autumnal suns had set,
 Consigned her to her mother earth!
 Joys and their memories pass away,
 But griefs are deeper ploughed than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell,
 We heaped the soft mould on her breast;
 And parting tears like raindrops fell,
 Upon her lonely place of rest;—

May angels guard it:- may they bless
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
For, all unheard, on yonder shore,
The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
At evening lifts its solemn roar,
As, in one broad, eternal tide,
The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
There is no stone, with graven lie.
To tell of love and virtue blent
In one almost too good to die.
We needed no such useless trace
To point us to her resting place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
But, midst the tears of April showers,
The genius of the wild hath strown,
His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,
And cast his robe of vernal bloom,
In guardian fondness o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
 But yearly is her grave turf-dressed,
 And still the summer vines are thrown,
 In annual wreaths, across her breast.
 And still the sighing autumn grieves,
 And strews the hallowed spot with leaves.

Blind.

Earthly Ties.

The ties of earth, how false and frail!
 A word unkindly spoken,
 May cause the chain which binds two hearts
 To be abruptly broken;
 And when around each severed link
 In crumbling ruin lies,
 No human power can e'er again
 Write those broken ties.

The loved ones of our early days,
 How often do they roam,
 And leave us here to wonder on,
 Neglected and alone;

Else have we seen their forms decay,
And watched their fleeting breath;
And sigh'd to think that human ties
Are soon dissolved by death.

Then who would wish to linger on,
In darkness and in pain;
Did not a hope of future bliss
Uncoloured yet remain?
And though upon this fleeting earth,
Dissolved are human ties,
Yet there's a hope held out to us,
We will meet above the skies.

Finley Johnson.

Raphael.

I shall not soon forget that sight:
 The glow of Autumn's westering day,
 A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,
 On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw
 The fair face of a musing boy;
 Yet while I gazed a sense of awe
 Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print:— the graceful flow
 Of boyhoods soft and wavy hair,
 And fresh young lip and cheek and brow
 Unmarked and clear were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose
 I saw the inward spirit shine;
 It was as if before me rose
 The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,
 The hidden life, the man within,

Dissevered from its frame and mould,
By mortal eyes were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,
The waving of that pictured hand?
Loose as a cloud wreath on the sky,
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished space
Broad, luminous, remained alone,
Through which all hues and shapes of grace
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought.

There dropped thy more than mortal face,
Oh Mother, beautiful and mild!
Enfolding in one dear embrace
Thy Savior and thy Child!

The rapt brow of the Desert John;
The awful glory of that day,

x When all the father's brighties shone
Through manhood's veil of clay.

And midst gray prophet forms, and wild
Dark visions of the days of old.
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled
Through locks of brown and gold!

There Cornarina's fair young face
Once more upon her lover shone,
Whose model of an angel's grace
He borrowed from her own.

Now passed that vision from my view,
But not the lesson which it taught;
The soft calm shadows which it threw
Still rested on my thought:

The truth, that painter, bard and sage,
Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,
Plant for their deathless heritage
The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves, the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,

And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our own.
{ And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here
And painted on the eternal wall
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
x Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

Oh no! - We live our life again:
Or warmly touched or coldly dim
The pictures of the Past remain -
Man's works shall follow him.

J. B. Whittier.

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J. G. Whittier.

The Pumpkin Pie.

A. G. W.

* When the gray-haired New Englander
sees round his board

The old broken links of affection
restored

When the care-wearied man seeks his mother
once more

What moistens the lip and what brightens
the eye

What calls back the past, like the rich
Pumpkin Pie?

Oh! fruit loved of boyhood! the old days
recalling,

When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts
were falling!

When wild ugly faces we carved in its skin
Glaning out through the dark, with a candle
within!

When we laughed round the corn heap,
with hearts all in tune,

Our chair—a broad pumpkin—our lantern
the moon,

Telling tales of the fairy who travelled
like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach with two rats
for her team!

Then thanks for thy present! none sweeter
or better

Ever smoked from an oven or circled
a platter!

Fairer hands never wrought at a pastery
more fine,

Brighter eyes never watched o'er it baking
than thine!

And the prayer which my mouth is too full
to express,

Swells my heart that thy shadow may never
be less;

That the days of thy lot may be lengthened
below,

And the fame of thy worth like a
pumpkin-vine grow,

And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset
sky

Golden tinted and fair as thy own
Pumpkin Pie.

To my Friend on the Death
of his Sister.

There is a grief, the depth of which
Another may never know;
Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken brother!
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding
Thy hand in mine;
With even the weakness of my soul upholding
The strength of thine.

I never knew like thee the dear departed;
I stood not by
When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil hearted
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears, my words of weak condoling
Must vainly fall:
The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling
Sounds over all!

I will not mock thee with the poor, world's common
And heartless phrase,

Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman
With idle praise.

With silence only, as their benediction
God's angels come.

Where, in the shadow of a great affliction
The soul sits dumb!

Yet would I say what thy own heart approveth
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth
As mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought:
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given;
They live on earth, in thought, and deed
As in ^(as nearly as in heaven?) his heaven.

And she is with thee in thy path of trial
She walketh yet;

26
Still with the baptism of thy self-denied
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother! To the fields of harvest
Lie white in view!
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou serve-
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle! - Englands toil-worn
Thy Call abide;
And she thow mourner, a pure and holy presence
Shall glean beside!

The Pumpkin

Oh! greenly and fair in the hands of the sun
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold.
Like that which over Greece he once grew
While he waited to know that his warning was true
And longed for the storm cloud, & listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind & red fire rain

x On the banks of the Genil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba, laughs out to behold & gold;
Through orange leaves shining, the broad spheres of
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! - on Thanksgiving Day, when from East from West
From North and from South, come the pilgrims & guest

The Sacrifice-

The morning sun rose bright and clear
 On Abraham's tent it gaily shone
 And all was bright and cheerful there
 All save the patriarch's heart alone:

While God's command arose to mind
 It forced into his eye a tear
 For though his soul was all resigned
 Yet nature fondly struggled there.

The simple morning feast was spread
 And Sarah at the banquet smiled
 Joy o'er her face its lustre shed
 For near her sat her only child.

The charms that please a monarch's eye
 Upon her cheeks had left their trace
 Her highly augured destiny,
 Was written in her heavenly face;

The groaning father turned away
 And walked the inner tent apart
 He felt his fortitude decay
 While nature whispered in his heart.

Oh! must this son to whom was given
The promise of a blessed land
Heir to the choicest gift of Heaven
Be slain by a fond father's hand:

This son for whom my eldest born
Was sent an outcast from his home,
And in some wilderness forlorn
A savage exile doomed to roam,

But shall a feeble worm rebel
And murmur at a father's rod
Shall he be backward to fulfill
The known and certain will of God.

Arise my son, the cruet fill
And store the scribe with due supplies
For we must seek Moriah's hill
To offer there a sacrifice.

The mother raised her sparkling eye
And all a mother's soul was there
She feared the desert drear and dry
She feared the savage lurking there.

Abram beheld, and made reply
 On him from whom all blessings flow
 My sister, we with faith rely
 'Tis his command and we must go.

The dutious son with haste obeyed
 The scribe was stored with due supplies
 And in the third day's twilight shade
 Beheld Moriah's hill arise.

The menials at a distance wait
 Alone ascend the son and sire
 The wood was on his shoulder laid
 The wood to build his funeral fire

His passion surged the father's mind
 He felt a calm and death-like chill
 His soul all chastened, all resigned
 Bowed meekly though he shuddered still

While on the mountain's brow they stood
 With smiling wonder Isaac cries
 "My father, lo! the fire and wood
 But where's the Lamb for sacrifice?"

The Holy Spirit stayed his mind
While, calm but low, the answer came
With steady look and voice, resigned
God will provide, my son, a Lamb.

But let no pen, profane like mine,
On holiest themes too rashly dare.
Turn to the, Book of Books, divine
And read the promise, written there.

Ages, on ages, rolled away
At length the time appointed came
And on the mount of Calvary
God did indeed provide a Lamb.

Anonymous-

The March of Refinement.

Sons and daughters of Joy, from your slumbers
awake ye.

No longer in listless indulgence recline!

From the fetters of sloth and luxury break ye,

And put on your beautiful garments
and shine!

Time was when your fathers, in wisdom
grown hoary,

In their doublet of leather, the pilgrims ^{in disguise,}
Contemning the pride of this world and its glory,
Pursued their rough path of reproach to this ^{land}.

Unlettered as they who on Judah's lone mountain
By her wind-ruffled lake, in deep forest ^{& glen} ~~and~~
Drawing waters of life from salvation's blest fountain,
Surrounded the houseless Redeemer of men.

Your sires, by His spirit's blest influence guided,
Regardless of dangers, of prisons, and death;
Alike by the sage, and the trifler derided
Looked on this vain world with the
keen eye of faith.

From the lure of false glory, false happiness,
lurking,
With the courage of martyrs they followed
their Lord;

Their loins girded close, and their lamps
brightly burning, ^{word}
Unceasing they published his life-giving

Those days are long past, and new light
rises o'er us.

No longer we suffer such hardship and
loss;

The March of Refinement now opens upon us
And points other ways, than the way of
the cross.

No longer we talk of meek patient endurance,
Of low self-denial and watchful restraint;
But of confident hope, and exulting assurance,
And the triumphs that wait on the steps
of the saint.

Knowledge waves her light-wand, and poor
wandering mortals,

No longer a rugged and thorny road trace;

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and shine!

Time was when your fathers, in wisdom
grown hoary, rude guise,
In their doublet of leather, the pilgrims
Contemning the pride of this world and its glory,
Pursued their rough path of reproach to the ^{cross}.

Unlettered as they who on Judah's lone mountain
By her wind-ruffled lake, in deep forest ^{& glen}
Drawing waters of life from salvation's blest fountain,
Surrounded the houseless Redeemer of men.

Your sires, by His spirit's blest influence guided,
Regardless of dangers, of prisons, and death;
Alike by the sage, and the trifler derided
Look'd in this vain world with the
keen eye of faith.

From the lure of false glory, false happiness,
luring,

With the courage of martyrs they followed
their Lord;

Their loins girded close, and their lamps
brightly burning, word

Unceasing they published his life-giving

Those days are long past, and new light
rises o'er us.

No longer we suffer such hardship and
loss;

The "March of Refinement" now opens upon us
And points other ways, than the way of
the cross.

No longer we talk of meek patient endurance,
Of low self-denial and watchful restraint;
But of confident hope, and exulting assurance,
And the triumphs that wait on the steps
of the saint.

Knowledge waves her light-wand, and poor
wandering mortals,

No longer a rugged and thorny road trace,

The gate that was strait, now unfolds
its wide portals,
The way once so narrow, expands into space.

Religion has softened her features; around her
The attractions of taste and of fancy
are shed;

The arts with their graceful adornment
surround her,
And weave a rich veil for her delicate head.

Our maidens, no longer the homely task plying,
That once could engage the grave matrons
of yore,
Are all in each liberal accomplishment vying,
And high on the pinions of sentiment soar.

See our scrap-books and albums of curious
adorning

The offerings of friendship so richly infolded—
Even the Yearly Epistle, its humble garb
adorning.*

Now sparkles in silver, or blazes in gold.

* Alluding to an elegant edition of the London Epistle, printed
by certain individuals.

It is true there are some who, these flow'ry paths
fearing,
Again and again tell us plainly we stray;
Who the standard of ancient simplicity bearing,
Exhort us to pause and consider the way.

But many, tho' granting their honest intentions,
Deem them rigid and narrow, of prejudic'd ^{mind,}
And believe that midst thousands of modern
inventions,
Some happy expedient yet we shall find, -

To reconcile things in their nature discordant,
Inclination and duty no longer at strife,
Religion with luxury kindly accordant,
The peace of the soul, with the pride of this ^{age}

Vain hope of blind man! in his fond
self-deceiving,

Whilst immutably true stands the Saviour's
own word;[†]

Happy they, who, its sacred assurance
receiving,

In lowliness follow their crucified Lord.

[†] You cannot serve two masters. (Mat. 23)

"Let the Christian learn to make a distinction between
cheerfulness and levity. Remember we are commanded
to avoid foolish talking and jesting, and that it is possible
to be happy, cheerful, affable, and kind, without any
trifling or levity." 5 mo. 1866

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all can please;
Oh let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is great offence." 1866-

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On reading a Tract, entitled,
"No sect in Heaven!"

No sects in Heaven, - it is true, it is true.

The gulf of death no sect passes through.
That last abyss is not passed indeed.

Not by sect or creed
Far to talk or sing
World, than to know the thing.

NO SECT
IN
HEAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY
H. LONGSTRETH,
1336 CHESTNUT ST.
1861.

ing in Heaven and yet it is clear
not for themselves, decently here
in that world, and yet we all know
of the cross, is the sure one below.
reached the celestial abode
the chastisement he found on his road.

...throughout spot who fulfilled the great plan
Of saving the souls of degenerate man
Wore a plain seamless garment - 'twas woven throughout
'Twas homely and simple - there can't be a doubt
And his faithful Apostle - magnanimous Paul
Has shown, how far dress is becoming to all.

The Holy Redeemer has given his call



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On reading a Tract, entitled,
"No sect in Heaven."

No sects in Heaven, - it is true, it is true.

The gulf of death no sect passes through.
That last abyss is not passed indeed.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints
believe,
That night I stood in a troubled
dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing
stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the
river came:
When I heard a strange voice call
his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross
this tide
You must leave your robes on the
other side."

3

front - or by sect or creed
far to talk or sing
world, than to know the thing.

ing in Heaven and yet it is clear
not, clothe themselves decently here
in that world, and yet we all know
of the cross, is the sure one below.
reached the celestial abode
the chastisement he found on his road.

The ~~same~~ without spot who fulfilled the great plan
Of saving the souls of degenerate man
Wore a plain seamless garment - 'twas woven throughout -
'Twas homely and simple - there can't be a doubt
And his faithful Apostle - magnanimous Paul
Has shown, how far dress is becoming to all.

The Holy Redeemer has given his call

But the aged father did not
mind,
And his long gown floated out be-
hind,
As down to the stream his way he
took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged
book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when
I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common
Prayer;
And though I put on a starry
crown,
I should feel quite lost without my
gown."

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On reading a Tract, entitled,
"No sect in Heaven!"

No sects in Heaven, - it is true, it is true.

The gulf of death no sect passes through -
That last abyss is not passed indeed -

Not by sect or creed
Nor to talk or sing
In this world, than to know the thing.

Not in Heaven and yet it is clear
That those who cloth themselves decently here
In plain white, and yet we all know
Of the cross, is the sure one below -
Who reached the celestial abode
By chastisement he found on his road.

5
Then he fixed his eye on the shining
track,
But his gown was heavy, and held
him back,
And the poor old father tried in
vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other
side,
But his silk gown floated on the
tide;
And no one asked in that blissful
spot,
Whether he belonged to "the
Church" or not.

The same without spot who fulfilled the great plan
Of saving the souls of degenerate man
Wore a plain seamless garment - 'twas woven throughout!
'Twas homely and simple - there can't be a doubt
And his faithful Apostle - magnanimous Paul
Has shown, how far dress is becoming to all.

The Holy Redeemer has given his call

Then down to the river a Quaker
strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was
made;
"My coat and hat must be all of
gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight
up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he
pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and
white.

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On reading a Tract, entitled,
"No sect in Heaven!"

No sects in Heaven, - it is true, it is true.

The gulf of death no sect passes through.
That last abyss is not passed indeed.

Not by sect or creed
Far to talk or sing
World, than to know the thing.

ing in Heaven and yet it is clear
Not, clothe themselves decently here
and yet we all know
Of the cross, is the sure one below.
Reached the celestial abode
The chastisement he found on his road.

7
But a strong wind carried away his
hat;
A moment he silently sighed over
that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther
shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen
no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of
gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned
him
About the width of his beaver's
brim.

One without spot who fulfilled the great plan
Of saving the souls of degenerate man
Wore a plain seamless garment—'twas woven throughout—
'Twas homely and simple—there can't be a doubt
And his faithful Apostle—magnanimous Paul
Has shown, how far dress is becoming to all.

The Holy Redeemer has given his call

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle
of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise
thing,
That the people in heaven, "all
round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an
anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad
and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one
by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the
wave went down.

On reading a Tract, entitled,
"No sect in Heaven!"

No sects in Heaven, - it is true, it is true.

The gulf of death no sect passes through.
That last abyss is not passed indeed.

9

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godli-
ness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall
I do?
The water has soaked them through
and through."

And there on the river, far and
wide,
Away they went down the swollen
tide,
And the saint astonished, passed
through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the
throne.

font - or by sect or creed
far to talk or sing
world, than to know the thing.

ing in Heaven and yet it is clear

in that world, and yet we all know
of the cross, is the sure one below.
reached the celestial abode
the chastisement he found on his road.

The same without spot who fulfilled the great plan
Of saving the souls of degenerate man
Wore a plain seamless garment - 'twas woven throughout!
'Twas homely and simple - there can't be a doubt
And his faithful Apostle - magnanimous Paul
Has shown, how far dress is becoming to all.

The Holy Redeemer has given his call

Then, gravely walking, two saints
by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's
brink,
I saw one saint from the other
shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask
you, friend,
How you attained to life's great
end?"

"Thus, with a few drops on my
brow."

"But I have been dipped, as you'll
see me now.

On reading a Tract, entitled,
"No sect in Heaven."

No sects in Heaven, - it is true, it is true.

The gulf of death no sect passes through -
That last abyss is not passed indeed -

Not by sect or by creed
Nor to talk or sing
In this world, than to know the thing.

Not in Heaven and yet it is clear
That those who clothed themselves decently here
And who all know
Of the cross, is the sure one below -
Who reached the celestial abode
By the chastisement he found on his road.

11

"And I really think it will hardly
do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross
with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms
of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll
go this."

Then straightway plunging with all
his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the
right,
Apart they went from this world of
sin,
But at last together they entered
in.

The same without spot who fulfilled the great plan
Of saving the souls of degenerate man
Wore a plain seamless garment—twas woven throughout -
'Twas homely and simple—there can't be a doubt
And his faithful Apostle—magnanimous Paul
Has shown, how far dress is becoming to all.

The Holy Redeemer has given his call

And now, when the river was roll-
ing on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innu-
merable throng,
But the men I could count as they
passed along.

And concerning the road they could
never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it
could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to
think
That both would lead to the river's
brink.

On reading a Tract, entitled,
"No sect in Heaven!"

No sects in Heaven, - it is true, it is true.

The gulf of death no sect passes through -
That last abyss is not passed indeed.

18

And a sound of murmuring long
and loud

Came ever up from the moving
crowd,

"You're in the old way, and I'm in
the new,
That is the false, and this is the
true," -

Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're
in the new,
That is the false, and this is the
true."

But the brethren only seemed to
speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and
meek,

font - or by sect or creed
far to talk or sing
world, than to know the thing.

lest, clothe themselves decently here
in that world, and yet we all know
of the cross, is the sure one below -
reached the celestial abode
the chastisement he found on his road.

The same without spot who fulfilled the great plan
Of saving the souls of degenerate man
Wore a plain seamless garment - 'twas woven throughout -
'Twas homely and simple - there can't be a doubt
And his faithful Apostle - magnanimous Paul
Has shown how far dress is becoming to all.

The Holy Redeemer has given his call

And if ever one of them chanced to
say
What troubles she met with on the
way,
How she longed to pass to the other
side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling
tide,
A voice arose from the brethren
then :
“ Let no one speak but the ‘ holy
men ;’
For have ye not heard the words of
Paul,
‘ Oh, let the women keep silence
all ?’ ”

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On reading a Tract, entitled,
"No sect in Heaven!"

No sects in Heaven, - it is true, it is true.

The gulf of death no sect passes through -
That last abyss is not passed indeed -

by sect or creed

15

I watched them long in my curious
dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the
stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two
ways met,
But all the brethren were talking
yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving
tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was
done,
And priest and Quaker, and all who
died,

world, than to know the thing.

ing in Heaven and yet it is clear
just, clothe themselves decently here
in that world, and yet we all know
of the cross, is the sure one below -
reached the celestial abode
the chastisement he found on his road.

The same without spot who fulfilled the great plan
Of saving the souls of degenerate man
Wore a plain seamless garment - 'twas woven throughout -
'Twas homely and simple - there can't be a doubt
And his faithful Apostle magnanimous Paul
Has shown, how far dress is becoming to all.

The Holy Redeemer has given his call

Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had
they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's right-
eousness.

On reading a Tract, entitled,
"No sect in Heaven."

No sects in Heaven, - it is true, it is true.

The gulf of death no sect passes through.
That last abyss is not passed indeed.

By baptismal font - or by sect or creed
But 'tis easier far to talk or sing
Of the far off world, than to know the thing.

There's no clothing in Heaven and yet it is clear
That mortals must clothe themselves decently here
There's no cross in that world, and yet we all know
That the way of the cross, is the sure one below.
For no soul ever reached the celestial abode
Who refused the chastisement he found on his road.

The Lamb without spot who fulfilled the great plan
Of saving the souls of degenerate man
Wore a plain seamless garment - 'twas woven throughout -
'Twas homely and simple - there can't be a doubt
And his faithful Apostle - magnanimous Paul
Has shown, how far dress is becoming to all.

The Holy Redeemer has given his call

Not to this one, or that one, but freely to all-
But it is not declared that the highway he cast
Which leads to the kingdom of glory at last
Consists in our clothing - Our eating of meat
In our wearing of this, or refusing to eat.

While Paul, at Ephissus encountered the beast
He called John the beloved to serve at a feast
And if at His calling, we are serving aright
We shall thro' His mercy walk with Him in white
No sects are in Heaven - but not one is there -
Who has not the white linen raiment to wear.

Our blessed High Priest, who arose from the dead
While he journeyed on earth, had no place for his head
None bore his reproaches - all shrank from his shame
His visage was marred, and reviled was his name,
And it ever must be, that His chosen and true
Must walk in the path He has brought to their view.

7 If Christ in His mercy has called me away
From the court only outward - in secret to pray
Let me not dare to think, I may turn from the call
Or conclude that the same is extended to all
Lest while I refuse to be singular here

My title in Heaven may never be clear.

The Roman and Grecian, the Parthian and Mede
May all worship in spirit, tho' differing in Creed
But none ever put Jesus' righteousness on
Who were not unclothed of all good of their own
And those who the pride of this life have denied
In the land of the blessed shall,

2 mo. 1862-

"Walk side by side."

Phoebe Waines. N. Y.

The Call-

Thy night is dark - behold, the shade was deeper
On the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,
Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with me?

Oh! thou so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,-
To count all earthly things as a gainful loss?

continued on next page but one -

Not to this one, or that one, but freely to all -
But it is not declared that the highway he cast
Which leads to the kingdom of glory at last
Consists in our clothing - Our eating of meat
In our wearing of this, or refusing to eat.

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And it ever must be, that His chosen and true
Must walk in the path He has brought to their view.

† If Christ in His mercy has called me away
From the court only outward - in secret to pray
Let me not dare to think, I may turn from the call
Or conclude that the same is extended to all
Lest while I refuse to be singular here

My title in Heaven may never be clear.

The Roman and Grecian, the Parthian and Mede
May all worship in spirit, tho' differing in Creed
But none ever put Jesus' righteousness on
Who were not unclothed of all good of their own
And those who the pride of this life have denied
In the land of the blessed shall,

27mo. 1862-

"Walk side by side."

Phoebe Waines - N. Y.

The Call.

Thy night is dark - behold, the shade was deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,
Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with me?

Oh! thou so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,-
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

continued on next page but one.

Solitude

Callest thou this Solitude?
It may be such to him whose heart is deaf
To the low voices of the flower and leaf,
Whose soul, by sense subdued,
Hears no sweet language in the murmuring flow
Of streams, and winds that through the woodlands blow

It may be loneliness
To him, who ne'er in nature's shrine, hath sought
Communion with the Great High Priest of thought,
Who in the ceaseless press
Of idle aims, has never schooled his heart
To love the shrine of nature as of art.

But to the thoughtful soul
To the pure heart which sees the Father's love
Shine o'er the earth, and burn in worlds above,
To these the flowery knoll
The trees, the vines that o'er the streamlet nod
Are dear companions which discourse of God.

The air is rife with sounds
That seem like voices urging to great deeds -
And he who these monitions truly heeds

Will find within earth's bounds
No solitude; for to a soul well taught
All air and earth are full of glorious thought-
"H. E." -

3 Mo. 28th 1863-

The Call- continued from the preceding leaf-
What if thou always suffer tribulation,
And if the Christian warfare never cease!
The gaining of the quiet habitation
I shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely,
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone;
Watch thou in patience through this dark hour only;
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

The captive's our many pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And peace may fold her wing over hill & valley,
But thou, oh Christian, must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on however men upbraid thee,
With him who trod the wine press all alone;
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,-
One human soul to comprehend thine own

Shied not the images forever thronging,
From out the foregone life thou lovest no more,
Saint-hearted mariners! still art thou longing,
For the dim line of the receding shore?

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy retreating;
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

Faithful and Steadfast in their consecration,
Living by that high faith to thee so dim,
Declaring before God their dedication,
So far from thee, because so near to Him.

Canst thou forget thy christian superscription,
Behold, we count them happy which endure;
What treasure wouldest thou, in the land Egyptian,
Repress the stormy waters to secure?

Poor wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking,
Some easier way, as all have sought before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking;
Some landward path unto an island shore.

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
The way too narrow for thy inward pride,
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure,
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

Oh! that thy faithless soul one great hour only,
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect life;
Despised with Jesus, sorrowful, and lonely,
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

For poverty and self-renunciation,
The Father yieldeth back a thousand fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration
Cometh a joy we never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can find its only peace;
Seeking no aid from any human creature,
Looking to God alone for his release.

And he will come in his own time and power,
To set his earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

xxxxx "The Lord, my strength, give
me patience; that I may quietly confide in Him,
yet more & more; and suffer all the exercises,
chastenings, withdrawings, judgements, and afflic-
tions, which he is pleased in mercy and love to bring upon
me; for I think I see plainly that his scourge and severity
is not dealt out to his tender, babe-like nature, but to
that nature which is not of Him, but of the wicked one—
even that selfish, unfeeling, Egyptian spirit, which is to
be destroyed. How much of this do I feel continually
within me, lurking in secret, under cover of many plau-
sible pretences—eating out any appearance of good with
which the Lord is pleased to favor me; appropriating
to self any good action, motive, or thought; endeavouring
when it cannot hinder the entrance of good, to make
me proud of it, and so convert it into evil. Thus the
best friends, the best books, the best feelings, the best
intentions with which I am at any time privileged,
these the wicked one endeavours so to pervert as to
render them a snare to me. He cares not how busy
I am in reading good books, how fond I am of waiting
on the Lord, how great a lover I am of the Lord's
people and the Lord's Cause,—if I will but fall down
and worship him, all shall be mine: all the honor
and praise of being a great and good character, a

saint, shall be mine, if I will but let him have a little
share, a little corner, in my heart. 'O Lord! disappoint
him, cast him down; deliver my soul. {Let not thy
hand spare, neither let thine eye pity, till all be
utterly purged away which defiles and is unseemly in
thy sight.}' x x x x

J. Barclays Letters p 142

Prayer

So when the morning shineth—

So when the noon is bright,

So when the eve declineth,

So in the hush of night:

So with pure mind and feeling,

Bring earthly thoughts away,

And, in thy chamber kneeling,

Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,

All who are loved by thee.

Pray, too, for those who hate thee,

If any such there be;

Then for thyself, in meekness,

A blessing humbly claim,

And link, with each petition,

Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
Even then, the silent breathing
Of a spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, & love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power that He has given us
To find our souls in prayer.
Whinner thou findest in sadness
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness
His grace who gave thee all.

Trials make the promise sweet
Trials give new life to prayer
Bring us to our Saviour's feet
Lay us low and keep us there".

Emo 1st. 1897.

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The Little Heart's Ease.

A gardener went one sunshiny day,

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach,
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word in the hour of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold he prays!"

In prayer, on earth, the saints are one,
In word, in deed, in mind,
When with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes!

O Thou! by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray!

gay pastures,

their handsome array

they scented the air;

shade of his stately trees,

their boughs in the morning breeze.

he reached the ground,

and sadness he found!

was drooping its head,

fading away!

leaves on the pathway were shed,

their early decay:

tily sought for a reason

happened in spring's lovely season.

to his favorite oak.

asked it why?

thus mournfully spoke;

I thought I as well might die;

for I bear no fruit, nor with flowers bloom

And my awkward branches want so much room -

I'm a clumsy and useless thing;

If I were a rose tree like that within reach

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
Even then the silent breathing
Of a spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Wish the
The power
To pour
Whence the
Before the
And remember
His grace

Trials make the power
Trials give new life to prayer
Bring us to our Saviour's feet
Lay us low and keep us there".

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth—
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link, with each petition,
The great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
Even then the silent breathing
Of a spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love,

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
When'er thou pin'st in sadness
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness
His grace who gave thee all.

Emo 1st. 1897.

The Little Heart's Ease.

A gardener went one sunshiny day,
To look at his gay parterre;
To admire his flowers in their handsome array
As with fragrance they scented the air;
And to walk in the shade of his stately trees,
That were waving their boughs in the morning breeze.

But alas! alas! when he reached the ground,
What a scene of disorder and sadness he found!
Each beautiful flower was drooping its head,
And rapidly fading away;
And unnumbered fair leaves on the pathway were shed,
From the trees in their early decay;
And our gardener hastily sought for a reason
Why this should have happened in spring's lovely season.

So he walked up first to his favorite Oak,
All withering, and asked it why?
And the noble ~~old~~ tree thus mournfully spoke;
"I thought I as well might die;
For I bear no fruit, nor with flowers bloom
And my awkward branches want so much room -
In a clumsy and useless thing;
If I were a rose tree like that within reach

Or if I had fruit like the soft round peach,
Some profit I then might bring.
But as I have nothing but leaves to give,
What motive have I for wishing to live?"

"Well lady Rose, with your sweet open face,
And cheeks of a delicate hue
I had hoped that for months you my garden ^{grace;} would
Tell me what is the matter, now do.?"

And the pretty Rose said, as she shook on her stem
"Just look at those Oak trees; if I was like them
How happy and proud I should be!"

I should rear my tall head in the well cultured ^{grounds}
An ornament there which for many miles round
Admiring people might see;
But a poor little flower, unproductive as I
What use can it be? I'd much rather die."

"Oh, beautiful vine which I trained with such care
To climb up the sheltering wall;

Say, why are you trailing so dolefully there,
And what has occasioned your fall?"

And the vine faintly murmured, "As I had not ^{strength}
My own weight to sustain, I determined at length
Not to trouble my friends any longer."

Could I yield a shade like the wide spreading trees
Or if, like the flowers, I had gifts that would please,
Why then I might try to grow stronger;
But a poor feeble creature, requiring a stay
Had better make haste to get out of the way."

Quite saddened with looks and with words of gloom

The gardener with joy espied
A dear little Heart's-ease in full, rich bloom,
So fresh as a fair young bride;
It turned up its bright little face toward him
With a smile which none of its neighbors could dim
And he said with surprise "How is it
That you so contented and healthful appear,
And that yours is the only countenance here,
That welcomes me in my visit?"

And the little Heart's-ease replied in a quick cheerful ^{tone}
"Dear master I felt that I was not my own."

And it seemed to my simple perception clear

That you certainly wanted me;
For you would have planted an acorn here,
Had you wished for a stately tree;
Or had you desired sweet grapes to find
A vine plant would in my place have twined,

And therefore my obvious duty
Was to strive and grow with untiring zest,
Since the hearty endeavor to do one's best,
Is the truest worth and beauty;
And I saw that the work which you gave me to do
Was to grow up a fine little Hearts'-ease for you."

Dear reader! let this simple Hearts'-ease teach
The moral which I wish it to impart;
Pigh not for stations placed beyond thy reach,
But strive to serve thy Maker where thou art.
The gardner soweth only tiny seeds
Where he desires to raise but simple flowers;
If God required from thee an angels deeds,
Hee would have given thee an angels powers;
But all Hee asks of each of us while here,
Is that with calm contentment we should rest
In our appointed and appropriate sphere
And there with loving spirit do our best.

Copied for Benjamin Albreiten
by Mary C. Moorn 12 mo 1. 1872.

Compensation.

O the compensating springs! O the balance wheels
of life,
Hidden away in the workings under the
seeming strife!
Plowing the fret and the friction, weighting the
whirl and the force,
Evolving the truest power from each unconscious
source.

How shall we gauge the whole, who can only guess
a part?

How can we read the life, when we cannot spell the
heart?

How shall we measure another, we who can never
know

From the jittings above the surface the depth of the
reign below?

Even our present way is known to ourselves alone,
Height and abyss and torrent, flower and thorn and
stone;

But we gaze on another's path as a far-off mountain
scene,

Scanning the outlined hills, but never the vales between.

There
slide
you

O the
While
But

Seneca
Nor ra
And

Yet
And
Only
I can

There is danger of rapid and rock, there is tension
of muscle and heart:

Slide on the easy current, monotonous, calm and slow,
You are spared the quiver and strain in the safe
and quiet flow.

O the sweetness that dwells in a harp of many strings,
While each, all vocal with love, in tuneful harmony
rings!

But O, the wail and the discord, when one and
another is rent
Senseless, broken, or lost, from the cherished
instrument.

For rapture of love is linked with the pain or fear of loss,
And the hand that takes the crown must ache with
many a cross;

Yet he who hath never a conflict hath never a
victor's palm,

And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm.

Only between the storms can the Alpine traveller know
Transcendent glory of clearness, marvels of gleam and
glow;

Had he the brightness unbroken of cloudless summer ^{days,}
This had been dimmed by the dust and veil of a
brooding haze.

Who would dare the choice, neither as both to know,
The finest quiver of joy, or the agony-thrill of woe?
Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss.
For the heart that is dull to that can never be strung
to this.

Great is the peril or toil if the glory or gain be great;
Never an earthly gift without responsible weight;
Never a treasure without a following shade of care;
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle snare.

For the swift is not the safe, and the sweet is not
the strong;
The smooth is not the short, and the keen is not
the long;
The much is not the most, and the wide is not the
deep,
And the flow is never a spring, when the ebb is
only reap.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father knows what
thou knowest not,

The need and the thorn and the shadow linked
with the fairest lot;

Know the wisest exemption from many an unseen
snare,

Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what thou
couldst not bear.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father portioneth as Hee will,
To all His beloved children, and shall they not be still?
Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the best?
And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect rest?

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father, whose ways are true
and just,

Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for thy
perfect trust;

The cup Hee is slowly filling shall soon be full
to the brim,

And infinite compensations for ever be found in Him.

Hush! oh hush! for the Father hath fullness of joy
in store,

Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures
for evermore;
Blessing and honor and glory, endless, infinite
bless; -
Child of His love and His choice, oh, canst thou not
wait for this?

Frances Ridley Havergal -

Finis.

xx xx xx xx
I look to my Father, and know that I am heard,
And ask Him for the glowing thought, and for the
fitting word;
I look up to my Father, for I cannot write alone;
His sweeter far to seek His strength than lean
upon my own.

And so the closing verses of my new-filled book
shall be
A note of praise, dear Father, sung only unto Thee,
To Thee, who hast so helped me, to Thee who hast
so blessed,

The only Friend who knows my heart, the nearest
and the best.

I bless Thee, gracious Father, who hast molded
praise from pain,
And turned a wail of mourning to a trustful,
calm refrain,
To many a sorrow giving me an afterward song,
And wafting it to other hearts in comfort true
and strong.

I bless Thee, gracious Father, for Thy pleasant gift
to me,

And earnestly I ask Thee that it may always be
In perfect consecration laid at Thy glorious feet,
Sauced with Thine altar-fire, and made an
offering pure and sweet.

Francis Ridley Havergal -

"And when the cruel hands of death,
Our bonds of friendship sever;
And thou has reached thy home on high,
Will I forget thee? - Never."

"Trials make the promise sweet
Trials give new life to prayer
Bring us to our Saviour's feet
Lay us low and keep us there."

"Sometimes we must face the
Shadow where the wind blows keen & cold,
But the shadow fades at dawning,
and the east is flecked with gold."

I Wonder.

If I this night, at set of sun,
Should find my race was nearly run,
Would I have earned the glad "Well done?"

I wonder.

Would I look back at dear ones here?
Would I go onward without fear?
Would there be time for any tear?

I wonder:

Would it then be so strangely sweet,
That life would pass with winged feet?

I wonder.

Would all the countless trials sore
Perplex me never, ~~never~~ more?
Would heartaches, failures, all be o'er?

I wonder.

Hee says "Unto the weary rest,
Unto the friendless so blest;
And so to Him I leave the rest -

No wonder.

The Widow of Zarephath.

Gently watching, sweetly waiting; - even on
the very track,

Whispering to the loving Master, listening what
He speaketh back;

Whispering that her meal is failing, in her cresset
but little oil.

Waiting for the blessed Father to release her
from her toil;

Or to ask some new commission from His
bounteous, loving hands,

To fulfill her widowed mission, in the famine
stricken land.

"One more work I have assigned thee ere thou
liest down to die,

"Feed my prophet, hunger stricken, and I will thy
wants supply."

Faith was low, but life and duty were the
watch-words of her heart,

And she hastened to obey, to perform her
humble part;

Coming to the cresset and barrel, very scanty
is her store,

But she poureth forth that little, and each day

is added more.

Faithful to her Lord's command, asking not
the reason why.

"Feed my prophet" was sufficient, and she brought
her whole supply;

But the blessing of the Faithful waiteth
on the patient one,

And sustaining plenty flowed for herself and for
her son.

Oh! ye tossed and doubtful workers, hand ye forth
your frugal store!

Use it at your Master's bidding, He will surely
give you more.

For the feeders of His prophets and the
succourers of His lambs

Shall, in drought, receive a blessing and
in wind and storm, a calm.

From Wayside Thoughts - 1899.

The Blackberry Girl.

Why, Phebe, have you come so soon?

Where are your berries child?

You cannot, sure, have sold them all,
You had a basket piled.

No, mother; as I climbed the fence,

The nearest way to town,

My apron caught upon a stake,
And so I tumbled down.

I scratched my arm and tore my hair

But still did not complain,

And, had my blackberries been safe,

Should not have cared a grain.

But when I saw them on the ground,

All scattered by my side

I picked my empty basket up,

And down I sat and cried.

Just then a pretty little miss

Chanced to be walking by;

She stopped, and, looking pitiful,

She begged me not to cry.

Poor little girl, you fell, said she,
And must be sadly hurt.
O, no, I cried, but see my front
All mixed with sand and dirt!

Well do not grieve for that she said;
Go home and get some more.
Ah, no; for I have stripped the vines;
These were the last they bore.

My father, miss, is very poor,
And works in yonder stall;
Hee has so many little ones,
Hee cannot clothe us all.

I always longed to go to Church,
But never could I go;
For, when I asked him for a gown,
Hee always answered, No;—

There is not a father in the world
That loves his children more;
I'd get you one, with all my heart,
But, Phoebe, I am poor!

But when the blackberries were ripe
Hee said to me one day,
Phebe, if you will take the time,
That's given you for play,

And gather blackberries enough
And carry them to town
To buy your bonnet and your shoes
I'll try to get a gown.

Oh, Miss I fairly jumped for joy,
My spirits were so light;
And so, when I had leave to play
I picked with all my might.

I sold enough to get my shoes
About a week ago;
And these if they had not been spilt
Would buy a bonnet, too.

But now they're gone, they all are gone
And I can get no more;
And Sundays I must stay at home
Just as I did before.

And, Mother then I cried again
As hard as I could cry;
And looking up I saw a tear
Was standing in her eye.

She caught her bonnet from her head
Here, here! she cried, take this!
O. no, indeed; I fear your Ma
Would be offended, miss.

My ma! no, never! she delights
All sorrow to beguile;
And 'tis the sweetest joy she feels
To make the wretched smile.

She taught me, when I had enough
To share it with the poor;
And never let a needy child
Go empty from the door.

So, take it; for you ^{need} not fear
Offending her, you see;
I have another too at home
And one's enough for me.

So then I took it, here it is;
For pray what could I do?
And, mother I shall love that miss
As long as I live you.

THE PUZZLE

in verse, which appeared in the last number of the SHOPPING COMPANION, aroused such wide-spread interest that it is reprinted, with additions contributed by a reader of the paper.

[A great many years ago, a prominent merchant of Taunton promised to an eccentric old woman named Lucy King, living in the neighboring town of Berkshire, a desirable prize, if, taking her subject from the Bible, she would compose a riddle which he could not guess. She won the prize with the following:]

Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body God did make complete,
But without arms, or legs, or feet;
My ways and acts he did control,
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me my name;
I from his presence then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my Maker's law obey,
And from it never went astray.
Thousands of miles I go in fear,
But never on the earth appear.

For purpose wise which God did see,
He put a living soul in me;
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

For when the soul from me had fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night,
To fallen man I give great light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Will by my death great light behold.

No right or wrong can I conceive,
The scriptures I cannot believe;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me an empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
Real happiness I ne'er shall see;
To heaven I shall never go,
Or to the grave, or hell below.

Now when these lines you slowly read,
Go search your Bible with all speed;
For that my name's recorded there,
I honestly to you declare.

Ans.—A whale.

Lines repeated by Elizabeth Richardson.
The departed, the departed, they visit us
They flit across the memory, ^{in dreams;} like shadows
over streams.
I know that they are happy, with their
angel plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate, to feel that
they are gone.

What! when Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies,
Is Israel left without resource?
And have we no supplies?

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store;
And shall be fed with what He gives,
Who lives forever more!

Extracts from the Diary & Letters
of Deborah Brooks Webb.

Published in the Friend
3mo 20. 1897.

Sent by Edward H. Foster. -

"
Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble -
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, - strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Turn from man and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right."

The above lines, with the exception of
the second verse, were printed in The Friend.
They are signed "Norman Macleod".

"Facts about the Bible."
(Copied from advertisement.)

A prisoner, condemned to solitary confinement, obtained a copy of the Bible, and by three years careful study, elicited the following facts:

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1189 chapters, and 66 books. The word and occurs 46,277 times. The word Lord occurs 1855 times. The word Reverend occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter J. The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of II Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables." [The references in the above have been examined and found correct, with the exception of a few words, in II Kings and 37 Isaiah, where the translators have made a slight difference, only.]

The record to whom the following
lines applied has been lost. -

The comfort of the few remaining
members of her family who are left
will rest in the memory of her long
and well spent life, in reviewing which
one believes that not only the words
of her mouth but the meditation of
her heart were acceptable to her
Heavenly Father, with whom she is
at rest."

"Lord, teach us how to pray," they said,
As gathered round the Lord they stood -
These faithful ones who followed Him,
Through ill report and good.
And so it was He gave them, then and there,
The gracious words that we are wont
to call "his prayer,"
And yet it was on that goodly day
That Jesus taught his followers to pray.

Ah! Jesus knew full well the
day would come
When they the lesson craved must
learn—
When they should be forsaken and despised,
And persecution's fires should burn;
And that in hours of weariness and
care
Their lips should learn the eloquence
of prayer.
When stones of hate were hurled
around their way,
Then his disciples learned indeed
to pray.

"Lord, teach us how to pray," they said,
And as they spoke He must
have seen
How much of anguish, dark and deep,
The thing they asked would mean.
He saw that when all earthly help
had waned,
And only hope of aid from heaven
remained,
They would not need instructions what to say;
Their very need would teach them how to pray.

"Lord, teach us how to pray," we say,
And oft we speak the words with
careless heart,
And little dream the lessons will be
learned
When teardrops of bereavement start.
When human help is near and skies
are fair,
We give so little time and thought
to real prayer;
But in the hour when murky clouds
have hid our way,
Our faltering lips learn truly
how to pray.

"M. M. B." in The Friend

Dec 27th. 1909.

Lines repeated at the funeral of
John H. Dillingham, at 12th st. meeting house,
on Em. 18th. 1910, by John C. Maule.

By Henry Hart Neilman. The
closing lines of "A Burial Hymn."

"And when the Lord shall summon us,
whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
as sure a welcome find,
May we, like thee, depart in peace,
to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease ^{from troubling,} and the
weary are at rest".

The full version of the above.

Burial Hymn.

By Henry Hart Neilman.
Brother thou art gone before us,
and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
and sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from
care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and

the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
and borne the heavy load
But Christ hath taught thy languid
feet to reach His blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus
upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor
doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek faith in Jesus Christ
and the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the
good, whom on earth thou
lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
and the weary are at rest.

Earth to earth and dust to dust, the
Solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
and we seal thy narrow bed;

But thy spirit, brother soars
away among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from
troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
whom thou hast left behind
May we, untainted by the world,
as sure a welcome find!
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.

"Parting:- Copied by C. G. S. Austin.
"If thou shouldst bid thy friend
farewell - but for one night tho' that farewell
should be - press thou his hand in thine;
how canst thou tell how far from thee
fate or caprice may lead his feet ere
that tomorrow come? Men have been known
lightly to turn the corner of a street, and
days have grown to months and months
to lagging years, before they looked in

loving eyes again. Parting, at best is
underlaid with tears; with tears and
pain. Therefore, lest sudden death should
come between, at time, or distance,
clasp with pressure true the palm
of him who goeth forth. Unseen fate
goeth too. Yea, find thou always time
to say some earnest word betwixt
the 'idle talk, lest with thee henceforth,
night and day, regret should walk."

The Mother's Prayer.

William Cullen Bryant.

Starting forth on life's rough way,

Father, guide them;

Oh! we know not what of harm

May betide them!

'Scath the shadow of Thy wing.

Father, hide them;

Walking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,

Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,

Do Thou hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Do Thou clear them;
'Midst the quicksands and the rocks,
Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them, -
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

Related in West Philada. meeting 12^{mo}
1913 by Sarah W. Cooper, as a memory of verses
read during her school days. The balance of the
lines she has been unable to recall.

"Till all things sweet and good
Shall seem my natural habitude".
For the full extract see 16 pages ahead - in this book.

In the issue of THE FRIEND for Second Month 23rd, E. C. J. asks for a copy of a poem upon William Penn.—A Friend of Galena, Kansas, sends one, in print, which was well known to school girls of three score years ago; the authoress was Hannah Flagg Gould, of Lancaster, Mass., who published three volumes of poems. Others have sent manuscript copies.

THE QUAKER.

The Quaker stood under his smooth broad brim,
In the plain drab suit, that, simple and trim,
Was better than royal robes to him,

Who looked to the inward part,
Foregoing the wealth and honors of earth;
And emptied his breast of the praise of birth,
To seek the treasures of matchless worth
Reserved for the pure in heart.

And he heaved a sigh at the lofty look
Of the mitred head o'er the gilded book;
And a view of the costly drapery took

With a meek and pitying eye.
"Alas!" said he, as he turned away
From the splendid temple, the grand display,
"What honor to worldly pomp they pay,
In the name of the King Most High!"

Then he looked around on his own proud land,
Where those of his faith were a suffering band,
Enchained in the conscience, and under the hand
Of merciless power oppressed.
"I'll seek," said the Quaker, "a happier shore,
Where I and my people may kneel before
The shrine we erect to the God we adore;
And none shall our rights molest!"

And sick of the sounding of empty things,
Of beggarly strife in the island of kings,
His dove-like spirit unfurled her wings
For a bold and venturesome sweep.
She wafted him off, o'er billow and spray,
Twixt the sea and the sky, on a pathless way,
To a beautiful sylvan scene, that lay
Far over the boiling deep.

And when he came down, unruffled and staid,
Where along the skirt of the peaceful shade,
The Schuylkill and Delaware rolled, and made
Their friendly waters unite,
The Indian sprang from his light canoe,
The bird to the topmost bough withdrew,
And the deer skipped up on the cliff, to view
The new and unseemly sight.

But the tomahawk dropped from the red man's hand
When he saw the Quaker advance, and stand
Presenting his purse, but to share the land
He had come to possess with him.
And scanning his bland and noble face,
Where goodness was all that his eye could trace,
He haughtily smiled at its hiding-place
Far under the hat's broad brim.

"Thou'lt find," said the Quaker, "in me and in mine,
But friends and brothers to thee and to thine,
Who abuse no power, and admit no line
Twixt the red man and the white,

Save the cords of love, as a sacred tie;
For our one great Father who dwells on high,
Regards the child with an angry eye
Who robs from his brother's right!"

The Indian passed—and the Quaker stood
The righteous lord of the shadowy wood,
Like the genius of thought, in his solitude,
Till his spirit, the inner man,
Became too mighty to be repressed
Beneath the drab on his ample breast,
Had moved—and with neatness and plainly dressed,
Came forth as his lips began:

"I may not swear, but I'll prophecy—
This lofty forest that towers so high,
Must bow, and its stately head will lie
On the lap of its mother earth!
When the stroke of the axe shall its pride subdue,
And its branching honors the ground shall strew,
Then some of its parts may be reared anew,
To shelter the peaceful hearth!"

"Where now the poor Indian scatters the sod
With offerings burnt to an unknown God,
By Gospel light shall the path be trod
To the courts of the Prince of Peace.
And here will commerce appoint her mart;
The marble will yield to the hand of art;
From the sun of science the rays will dart,
And the darkness of nature cease!"

And thus did the vision of prophecy
Expand and blaze to the prophets' eye,
Till it grew so vast and rose so high,
That the gentle words that hung
Like a string of pearls, from his cautious lip,
On their silver thread, he was fain to clip,
Lest something more than the truth might slip,
For once, from a Quaker's tongue.

But the trees quaked, too, at the things he spoke,
For they knew that the "knee of the knotted oak"
Must bend, ere the vow of the Quaker broke;
And they bowed and kissed the ground.
The hammer and axe had abjured repose,
And the mountains rang with their distant blows,
As the forest fell and the city rose,
And her glory beamed around.

Her laws were as righteous, pure and plain,
As the warm in heart and the cool in brain,
To bind the strong in a silken chain,
Could in wisdom and love devise.
The tongue needed not the bond of a vow,
And man to his fellow-worm did not bow,
Nor doff the screen o'er his open brow,
To any beneath the skies.

The Quaker passed on from land to land,
With the lowly heart and the open hand
Of one who felt where he soon must stand
And his final account give in.
For long had he made up his sober mind
That he could not depart, to leave mankind
With the ample field of the earth behind,
No better than he had been.

For "THE FRIEND."

COMPANIONSHIP.

I closed the door and turned the key,
And spread my book upon my knee,
But though I pondered well that lore,
I ended wanting something more.

I called a comrade friend to share
My quiet room; his speech was fair,
His spirit high, his vision wide,
But I was still unsatisfied.

Then in the silence, all alone,
My soul rose up to claim her own
Inviolable right to be,
O Father, face to face with Thee.

—LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL.

CHEYNEY, Pa.

And bright was the spot where the Quaker came,
 To leave it his hat, his drab and his name,
 That will sweetly sound from the trump of Fame,
 Till its final blast shall die.
 The city he reared from the sylvan shade,
 His beautiful monument now is made;
 And long have the rivers their pride displayed
 In the scenes they are rolling by.

H. F. GOULD.

Fifth Mo. 25, 1907.

WILLIAM PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

A poem sent in beautiful manuscript, like the one recently printed on page 291 of THE FRIEND, on a similar subject, entitled "The Quaker;" copied for us by Wm. McCheane of Halcyonia, Saskatchewan, Can. He cannot say who the author of this one is.—Ed.

"Why come ye to our hunting grounds,
 Across the pathless main?
 Do ye come as foes or brethren
 To the red men of the plain?
 We will sit upon the green sward,
 And in silence we will wait;
 To hear if you have come to us
 In friendship or in hate:

"For men like you have visited
 Our hunting grounds before,
 They seemed at first to smile on us,
 But they smile on us no more;
 Their hate is fell and bloody,
 Their love is hate at best,
 For they give the liquid fire which kills
 The God within our breast."

So spake the aged Indian chief
 To the leader of a band,
 Of noble-minded wanderers
 In a rude and savage land.
 And thus replied that leader
 With a dauntless look serene
 As when sent on deeds of mercy
 In an angel's face 'tis seen.

"O! brothers of the wilderness,
 We come to you in peace,
 For we learn of the Great Spirit
 From all deeds of blood to cease.
 We have come to dwell amongst you
 If ye will we should remain,
 But if not;—farewell for ever.
 We will plow the deep again.

"We have crossed the pathless ocean
 Because we were not free
 To worship the Great Spirit
 In our homes beyond the sea,
 And we could not fail to listen
 To the God within our breast,
 So we've come to worship with you
 In the forests of the West.

"We do not, like some wanderers,
 With murderous weapons come;
 With the *lightning tube and thunder,
 And the loud voice of the drum .
 We stand unarmed before you,
 And this is all our aim;
 To buy your land,—O brothers!
 At the price that you shall claim."

In a silence long unbroken
 That brave assembly stayed;
 Until at last the aged chief.
 This solemn answer made.
 "Welcome! O peaceful brethren,
 To all that we can give,
 In my country's name I tell you,
 In our country ye may live.

"For we will dwell in union,
 Our weapons cast aside,
 In a close and holy brotherhood
 Eternally allied:
 We praise you for obeying,
 The Great Spirit's high behest;
 We will come and worship with you,
 In the forests of the West."

Greater than all those warriors
 Was he who bore his part
 So meekly, that his only guard
 Was singleness of heart.
 Oh! long as hearts are beating
 In the breasts of generous men,
 They shall glow with admiration
 At the name of William Penn.

So the wanderers lived in safety,
 And they did not fail to show,
 By their teaching and their living
 That which only Christians know:
 That the God who rules all nations
 Made the savage Indian love,
 The peaceful band which came to them
 With tidings from above.

*Firearms.

*A teacher once said
 "Give to me a cheerful
 spirit -
 That my little flock
 may see
 It is good and pleasant
 service
 To be taught of Thee."*

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Quaker of the olden time!—

How calm and firm and true,

Unspotted by its wrong and crime,

He walked the dark earth through.

The LUST of power, the LOVE of gain,

The thousand lures of sin

Around him, had no power to stain

The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects

All great things in the small,

And knows how each man's life affects

The spiritual life of all,

He walked by *faith*, and not by *sight*;By *love*, and not by *law*;

The presence of the wrong, or right,

He rather *FELT* than *saw*.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,

That nothing stands alone,

That whoso gives the motive, makes

His brother's sin his own:

And, pausing not for doubtful choice

Of evils great or small,

He listened to that INWARD voice

Which called away from all.

O SPIRIT of that early day,

So pure and strong and true,

Be with us in the narrow way,

Our FAITHFUL fathers knew.

Give strength the evil to forsake,

The CROSS OF TRUTH to bear,

And love and reverent fear to make

Our daily lives a prayer.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY KOLL.

"IT IS SWEET TO DIE."

'Tis sweet to die, when with divine composure,
The uplifted soul breaks from its chains away;
When with fixed eye on heaven's serene enclosure,
It leaves the mists of night for changeless day.

'Tis sweet to die, when closed its earthly mission,
Its warfare o'er, its cross in peace laid down,
With patient trust it sees in rich fruition,
The radiant gleamings of the Heavenly crown.

'Tis sweet to die, when from the eternal glory,
Come the blest cadences of love divine,
"Thy transient journey is complete before me,
Thy day's work finished—henceforth thou art mine."

Such are the Seraph voices floating slowly
O'er the meek spirit's hushed and peaceful calm,
Such is the melody so pure and holy,
Which calls into the presence of the Lamb.

Meek, trembling spirit, all thy sins forgiven,
Thou seest through vistas hid from mortal eye,
And with pure effluence from the nearing heaven,
Thou well mayest murmur, "It is sweet to die."

P. H.

Waiting at the Door.

When the shadows gloom and gather,
And the need of rest is sore;
When the light of home is gleaming
On the way that lies before,
And the world's great heart is pulsing
With the memories of yore,
It is sweet to find my mother
Standing, waiting at the door.

Of the good things God has given
From the fulness of His store,
And for which I humbly thank Him
As upon my path they pour,
There is nothing of the earthly,
That so nearly I adore,
As the dear, old, patient mother
Standing, waiting at the door.

But a time of grief is coming,
I have thought it o'er and o'er.
It may come at noon, at night time,
And the years be less or more,
I will need a higher wisdom,
From the book of sacred lore,
When I find no loving mother
Standing, waiting at the door.

When the shadows float behind me
And the soul begins to soar,
In the subtle, swift transition,
Gliding to the other shore;
When the shining portals open,
Sending life through every pore,
I will surely find my mother
Standing, waiting at the door.

—Mary A. McKee, in Interior.

The Face in the Mirror.

BY SUSAN S. BARTLETT.

A glance in the mirror, a sweet little face,
A curly head and a form of grace,
She stands on the table, and looks and laughs
At the bright happy face in the looking glass.

The days are long and full of fun,
For her bright young life has just begun ;
And the summer stretches far away,
Full of golden sunshine and winds at play.

Sweet happy childhood, soft and fair,
With winsome ways and silky hair,
Never again will the mirror's face :
Give back to your gaze such freedom and grace.

As time goes by she sees therein
A dainty maiden, neat and trim,
Combing and plaiting her lovely hair,
And growing each year more rosy and fair.

She looks to the future with trust and love,
With faith in mankind and God above.
As she joyously floats down the golden stream
Life stretches ahead, like a rosy dream.

Beautiful girlhood, with dreams so fair,
With hopes of the future so rich and rare,
Reluctant we leave your joyous side,
And lingering look back, though time onward
glide.

And the cares of life at last creep in,
As she looks in the mirror she sees therein
A lovely face, with a shade of care
Just glancing across the forehead fair.

She has entered the world and taken her place,
With a thoughtful look on her beautiful face ;
And the trials of life come, one by one,
As she cares for husband, children and home.

And full of plans, and care, and pride,
At middle age time quickly glides ;
And ere she notes it, swift and fast,
Her golden years have drifted past.

Weary at last, she would linger here,
To rest from her labor and her care
And enjoy with the loved ones left by her side
The beauties around her, though time onward
glide.

And life's changes come, with the gilding years,
And the change in the mirror slowly appears.
The clock ticks on, and time goes fast,
Each year seems shorter than the last.

'Till an aged woman, bent and gray,
Sits and dreams the hours away,
Or talks to the children around her chair
Of the time when she was young and fair.

She looks through the years that have passed
away,
And once more is a child in the fields at play ;
She longs for her parents and loved ones gone,
And her life seems to her like a story or song.

She looks in the mirror, and sees therein
An aged face, with eyes grown dim.
But she thinks of the beautiful life to come,
And smiles to think her work is done.
For she trusts that beyond, her loved ones wait
To meet her at the pearly gate ;
And she almost longs for peace and rest,
And a home with them in the land of the blest.

As she sits and dreams of that shining shore,
And the dear loved faces gone before,
She gently falls asleep in her chair,
Sweet second childhood, with silver hair.

—Salem (Mass) Gazette.

A PUZZLE.

Who or what was it, and where?

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought best to make me first,
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.
My Body he did make complete,
But without Legs or Arms or Feet,
I did my Maker's laws obey;
From them I never went astray,
But God did something in me see,
And put a living soul in me;
That soul of me my God did claim,
And when from me that soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made,
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.
To fallen man I give great light,
Thousands of people, young and old,
May, by my death, great light behold
To Heaven I can never go,
Nor to the grave or hell below.

Another Enigma.

One of our subscribers, who noticed the large amount of interest which developed in the solution of the "whale" enigma printed in these columns a few weeks ago, has sent us the following similar riddle, the answer to which is also contained in a verse in the Bible:

Come and commiserate
One who was blind.
Helpless and desolate,
Void of all mind;
Guileless, deceiving,
Though unbelieving;
Free from all sin,
By mortals adored,
Still I ignored
The world I was in.
Kings Ptolemies, Caesars
And Sigbath Pilesers
Have birthdays all shown.
Wise men, astrologers,
All have acknowledged—
Mine are unknown.
I ne'er had a father
Or mother; or rather
If I had either
Then they were neither
Alive at my birth.
Lodged in a Palace,

Hunted by malice,
I did not inherit
By language or merit
A spot upon earth.
Nursed among pagans,
None e'er baptized me;
A sponsor I had who
Ne'er catechised me;
She gave me the name
To her heart that was dearest;
She gave me a place
To her bosom the nearest;
But one word of kindness
She cast on me never,
Compassed by dangers
Nothing could harm me.
I saved, I destroyed,
I blest, I alloyed.
Kept a crown for a prince,
But had none of my own;
Filled the place of a king,
But ne'er had a throne;
Rescued a warrior,
Baffled a plot,
Was what I was not.
A king's worthy daughter
Watched by my bed,
Devoted to slaughter
A price on my head.
Though gently she dressed me
Panting with fear,
She never caressed me,
Or wiped off a tear;
Ne'er moistened my lips,
Though parching and dry—
What marvel a blight
Should pursue till she die?
'Twas royalty cursed me,
Wretched and poor;
'Twas royalty nursed me,
In deceit, I am sure.
I lived not, I died not,
But tell me you must
What ages have passed
Since I turned into dust?
Tell this paradox: whence
This squalor—this splendor?
Say, was I a king,
Or a silly pretender?
Fathom this mystery,
Deep in my history.
Was I a man?
An angel supernal?
A demon infernal?
Tell me, who can?

Answer to the Enigma.

One of our readers has handed us an answer to the enigma published in these columns last week, which may be found in I Samuel, 19th chapter, 12-17 verses.

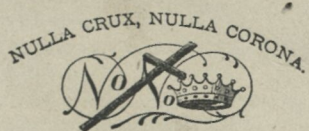


NO CROSS, NO CROWN SERIES, No. 3.

WALKING WITH THE WORLD.

BY

MATILDA C. EDWARDS.



PHILADELPHIA:

THOMAS WILLIAM STUCKEY, PRINTER,
57 North Seventh Street.
1875.



WALKING WITH THE WORLD.

BY MATILDA C. EDWARDS.

THE Church and the World walked far apart,
On the changing shore of time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry World,
"And walk with me this way;"
But the good Church hid her snowy hands,
And solemnly answered, "Nay,—
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way to endless death,
And your words are all untrue."
"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the world, with a kindly air!
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there.

Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
And mine is broad and plain;
My road is paved with flowers and dews,
And your's with tears and pain.
The sky above me is always blue,—
No want, no toil, I know;
The sky above you is always dark,—
Your lot is a lot of woe.
My path, you see, is a broad, fair one,
And my gate is high and wide;
There is room enough for you and me,
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow;
The old World grasped it and walked along,
Saying, in accents low:—
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
I will give you pearls to wear;
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The Church looked down at her plain white robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile, contemptuous, curled.
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church, with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garments drifted away
And the World gave in their place,

Beautiful satins and shining silks,
 And roses and gems and pearls;
 And over her forehead her bright hair fell
 Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World;

"I'll build you one like mine;
 Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
 And furniture ever so fine."
 So he builds her a costly and beautiful house;
 Splendid it was to behold;
 Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,
 Gleaming in purple and gold.
 And fairs and shows in the halls were held,
 And the World and his children were there;
 And laughter and music and feasts were heard
 In the place that was meant for prayer.
 She had cushioned pews for the rich and great,
 To sit in their pomp and pride;
 While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
 Sat meekly down outside.

The angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
 And whispered:—"I know thy sin;"
 Then the Church looked back with a sigh, and longed
 To gather her children in.
 But some were off at the midnight ball,
 And some were off at the play,
 And some were drinking in gay saloons;
 So she quietly went her way.

Then the sly World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm,
Merely indulging in innocent sports."
So she leaned on his proffered arm,
And smiled and chatted, and gathered flowers,
As she walked along with the World;
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the horrible gulf were hurled.

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay World with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales,
Which I like not for them to hear.
They talk of brimstone and fire and pain,
And the horrors of endless night;
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite.
I will send you some of the Brooklyn stamp,
Brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will tell them that people may live as they list,
And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful, great and good,
Tender and true and kind;
Do you think He would take one child to heaven,
And leave the rest behind?"
So he filled her house with gay divines,
Gifted and great and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the cross
Were out of her pulpits turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
"Far more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine;
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children, they dote on all such things;
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."
Then the Church held tightly the strings of her purse,
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered; "I've given too much away;
I'll do, sir, as you have said."
So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by.
And the sons of the World and the sons of the Church
Walked closely hand and heart,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease, and said,
"I am rich, and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing, and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."

And the sly World heard her and laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said, aside:—
“The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride.”
The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
And whispered in sighs her name;
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed,
And covered their heads with shame.
And a voice came down through the hush of heaven
From Him, who sat on the throne:—
“I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
I am rich, and hast not known
That thou art naked, poor and blind,
And wretched before my face;
Hence, from My presence I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place.”

Stuckey, Printer, 57 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

his sleeve,

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ished,

of heaven

,

elphia,

The Better Land.

"I hear thee speak of the better land:
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! Oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies glance through the
 myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies;
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold -
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand -

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair -
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

"Mrs. Hemans."

My first remembrance of the above lines leads me to the conclusion that they must have been read to me as they seem to be associated with my early childhood. A few lines, here and there, at times, came to mind as I approached manhood & after, - with a wish to see the whole of the verses, but this was not done for many years afterward, then I saw them in The Children's Book of Poetry. About twenty five years after this I saw a few lines of the above on a post card, with a picture of a mother & a little boy. As the verses had made so much impression on my youthful,

mind, and as they had continued to be a favorite, the cards were purchased;—that was in 1909. Now in 1913 one of the cards has been framed + now hangs in my room. No one else has noticed it. It is not in a conspicuous place. Like its title it has to be sought to be appreciated! and I do not expect others to appreciate it as I have done, but as a relic of the past, it may some day be of interest to some one, I hope so.

The 3rd of this month I was 71 years old. I see by the date in the front of this book, that it was first used over fifty years ago. The first piece "The Quaker", was furnished by David J. Bruun, son of Thomas Bruun of Bucks County, Penna. He was one of my intimate friends. Other pieces have been added which struck my fancy, — and now "The Better Land" seems to be an appropriate insertion! I am the last of eight children, (some of whom died in infancy) and I have already passed the age at which all the others, with the single exception of my Sister Sarah H., were called home, and the query is frequently

with me, as how soon my call may come! It is my frequent petition to Him who "seeth in secret" and who does know the "thoughts and intents" of my heart, which truly, have been in large measure hidden from even my family, for various reasons; - in short, that He will continue His loving kindness toward me, even to the time when He shall be pleased to call me also home, - and earnest have been my petitions to Him, that ~~He~~ He will be pleased to forgive my short comings, and when done with time here, that He will be pleased to take me to himself.

Each of my family have been frequently the subject of my intercessions, that they also may have their short comings forgiven also, and that they also may be favored with a home in Heaven. I have also desired "if consistent with His will" - that my dear wife may be spared to me while I am in this world. I have also asked, that, if consistent with His will, (which I always make a condition of my requests) - that when my time comes that I

may be in my own home, and that the cause of my removal may be natural disease, and not by accident!

My dear wife, has been a "loving & faithful" wife to me, and I can but reflect on how much and in how many ways, she has been the means of adding to my comfortable getting along.

As our dear daughter Alice is still with us, I allude to her first. She is a kind and an affectionate child, and a father's love is extended to her, to a greater degree, than his reserve of manner, may at times, indicate. She, as already suggested, is often remembered in my prayers.

All of the above also applies to our dear daughter, Lydia, Mitchell Albertson Tierney, now residing in London England. Although 3000 miles of ocean separates us, yet my thoughts often turn to her.

Again, in my petitions our dear son-in-law, Willus Tierney, is also often remembered, with sincere desires that he may be preserved from harm both at home and when he is travelling &

that he also may be permitted to join us in
Heaven, has also been my frequent request.

And those dear grand-children Edmund
Russell Tierney, and Anna Hazard Tierney
have, in addition been frequently remem-
bered. My requests have been that they
may be preserved from harm + that they
also may be favoured to join that happy
company above, alluded to in Mrs. Hemans
verses. Another request has been that,
if consistent with His will, that their
father and mother may be spared to them
until they are grown up.

The foregoing has been written on this
quiet, Sabbath evening, of 3mo 30th, 1913 -

Benjamin Albertson. -
3940 Brown St. Philadelphia. P.

10mo 26 - 1915

I had forgotten, that the foregoing
had been written.

Near midnight of 8mo 19, 1914 My dear wife
was taken from me, at the age of 76 years 2 months 17 days.
She had heart trouble for a year or more, which
gradually weakened her until she end came while
she was in the home of her childhood at Nantucket.

What I should do without the affectionate at-
tentions of the dear children, I know not. Many a loving
father, above reward them abundantly.

Benjamin Albertson -

CORRESPONDENCE.

REPLYING to the question asked on page 358 of last week's FRIEND, we must turn to Whittier's poems (as we so often do for the thought that best expresses our feelings), and find in "Andrew Rykman's Prayer" the lines:

"Until all things, sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude."

Perhaps the rather halting rhythm of the poem has made it less of a favorite than others; it is full of a lovely Christian spirit. The entire passage may be quoted.

"If there be some weaker one
Give me strength to help him on:
If a blinder soul there be
Let me guide him nearer Thee,
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant,
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude."

F. T. R.

WILMINGTON, First Month 25, 1914.

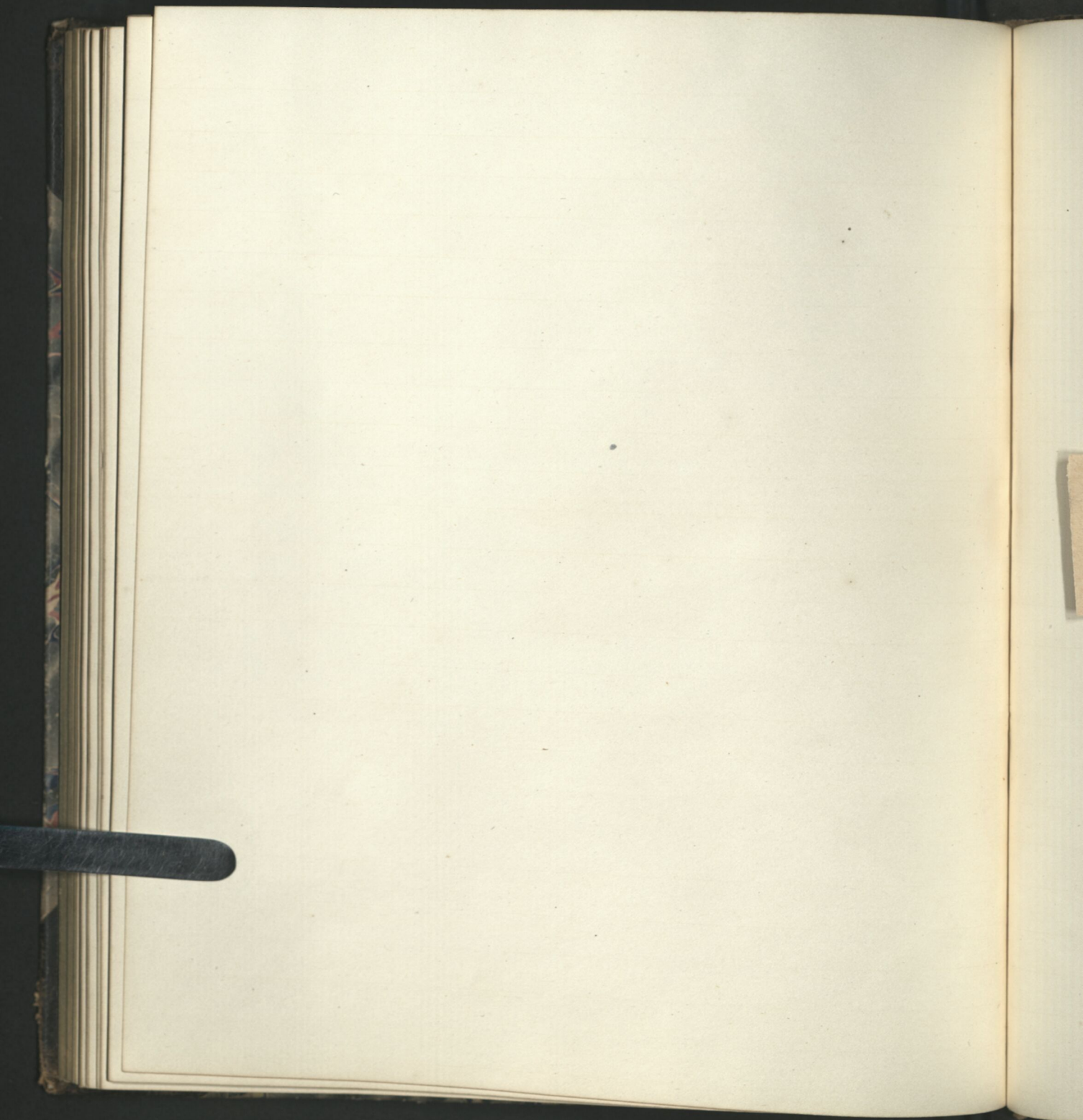
The following was first noticed
in the Purser's office of the Steamer *Meinnehaha*,
and later the lines appeared in *The Friend*.

"I expect to pass through this life but once.
If therefore there is any kindness I can show, or
any good I can do any fellow-being, let me
not defer or neglect it for I shall not pass
this way again."
A. B. Hegeman.

The Christian is sure that 'all things
work together for good' to God's children.

This does not mean that all things are
good and happy and fortunate, but that they
work together, bad and good alike, and the
final outcome is good for God's children."

The Friend 7mo 6th. 1911.



THE older I grow and the longer I live,
I think the less certain opinions I give,
And I try when I know one has made a mistake,
To cover it up for sweet charity's sake.

—Helmuth.

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"Billy" Clark,

On old Nantucket's sea-girt isle,
Some thirty years ago,
A youthful bard, for mischief's sake,
Wrote out the words below:
While thinking of the tall South tower
And Clark's protruding horn,
A picture of the scene he drew
And then these words were born:

"Hark, hark, I hear Bill Clark
A-tooting from the tower;
He sees the boat, and she's afloat,
And she'll be here'n an hour."

When next the weekly paper came,
Before his startled eyes—
Behold, that Mother-Goose-like rhyme
In print before him lies!
By some "Fox-craft" those lines had run
From out the Coffin School.
And on "Inquirer 'n Mirror's" page
Had been laid down by rule.

Alas! old Time has flown apace.
No more shall Billy Clark
Sound forth from off his lofty perch
The horn for men to hark!
No more his restless feet shall race
A-down the steamboat wharf,
His quick eye scan the daily news,
His strong voice call it off!
The clanging bell of brass shall not
Again ring on the air,
While Billy's voice the auction tells
Upon the lower square.

He feels the weight of three-score years,
Disease has hushed his voice;
Nor shall again his echoing horn
Make all our hearts rejoice.
Down on our good old island home
He calmly waits the call:
"The boat's in sight; be ready now"—
This summons comes to all.
The clear note of the harbor bell
And Gabriel's welcome horn,
The good news from the far-off land—
May these be his some morn.

But 'ere that bell or trumpet shall sound,
May we not do our part
To lift the burden from his mind
And gladden his sad heart?
"Nantucket Junior's" kind advice—
Give heed to it, friends, hark! hark!
Let's send to him a gift of love,
And cheer up Billy Clark.

W. D. WOODWARD.
Mapleville, R. I.

Light -

Answer to question to
Margaret Hammond - 1916.

Light travels at the rate
of 186,330 miles per second.

It takes the light of the sun
499 seconds or about 8 minutes
to reach us.

A light year is the
distance which light travels
in one year (By year is meant,
strictly, a sidereal year, which
is equal to $365^d - 6h - 9m.9s$.

365.256 -days. This makes one
light year = $63,243$ (or roughly
 $63,000$) times the mean distance
of the earth from the sun.

The Night Before Christmas

By CLEMENT C. MOORE.



WAS the night before Christmas, when all
through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney
with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be
there;

The children were nestled all snug in their
beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
While mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow

Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!—

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,

Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So up to the housetop his coursers they flew,

With the sleighful of toys, and St. Nicholas, too,

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

His little droll mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

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The "Hole" Story about "Woods Holl."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In a recent issue of your paper is a quotation from a communication in the New York Sun, the writer of which inquires why the place in Massachusetts now known as Woods Hole was formerly called Woods Holl, what Holl means, etc., and I am moved to add to the reply which you gave, a little additional explanation, for the question is one that has often been asked, not only by summer visitors, but also by Nantucketers themselves.

In the early days, a passage between islands hereabouts, was called an "opening" or "hole." Thus the passage between Naushon island and Pasque island was called "Robinson's Hole" and the passage between Pasque island and Nashawena island was called "Quicks' Hole," and these names are still retained. In like manner, the passage between Nantuxet island and the mainland at Falmouth was called "Woods Hole," and the opening between the east and west chops at the mouth of the harbor at Martha's Vineyard was known as "Holmes' Hole," and when, in course of time, a village grew up at each of these places, that was known by the same name, and no objection was made.

But a number of years ago, the people residing at "Holmes' Hole," not liking to be thought of as living in a "Hole," succeeded in getting the name of the village and harbor changed to "Vineyard Haven"—a more appropriate and satisfactory designation—and that name became permanent.

Moved by a similar desire, the people of "Woods Hole" attempted, some time afterwards, to change the name of that settlement, although the name of the passage still remained unchanged, and so, upon the claim that an Icelandic word meaning "hill"

of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, he, it encircled his head like a wreath. broad face and a little round belly, when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly. by and plump, a right jolly old elf— and when I saw him in spite of myself. his eye and a twist of his head he to know I had nothing to dread; at a word, but went straight to his work, the stockings; then turned with a jerk, his finger aside of his nose, a nod, up the chimney he rose. o his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, they all flew like the down of a thistle; him exclaim ere he drove out of sight, istmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Kinkie's Song.

cold night

pretty light

we the faster

may to call on

morning

make quick work of the matters,
ings are long.

with my song

my gift, is but small,

you a note

you to night

you a Merry Christmas.

Chorus Kinkie.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Chriss Kinkle's Song.
I call this cold night
With a bag pretty light
So as to move the faster
For I have many to call on
yet before morning
And must make quick work of the matter,
your stockings are long.
But not so with my song
Which like my gift, is but small,
So I give you a note
And leave you to night
And wish you a Merry Christmas.
Chriss Kinkle.

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But a number of years ago, the people residing at "Holmes' Hole," not liking to be thought of as living in a "Hole," succeeded in getting the name of the village and harbor changed to "Vineyard Haven"—a more appropriate and satisfactory designation—and that name became permanent.

Moved by a similar desire, the people of "Woods Hole" attempted, some time afterwards, to change the name of that settlement, although the name of the passage still remained unchanged, and so, upon the claim that an Icelandic word meaning "hill" justified the spelling "Holl" (rhyming with "knoll"), and referring to some hill in that vicinity, some of the "toney" residents adopted that spelling and tried to make it universal.

But the effort was unsuccessful—even Webster's Unabridged dictionary gave no justification for the new spelling—nor could people generally see any sufficient reason why, if the name was "Hole" in pronunciation, it should not be "Hole" in spelling, and so, after a few years, the original spelling was gradually resumed, and today the passage and the village are each called by the old name "Woods Hole."

Boston.

Roxbury, August 14, 1911.

June 24, 1905.

"Tu I Can't and Tu I Can."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Here are the verses asked for by "Summer Visitor" in your last issue. They may be found in a little book called "Seaweeds from the Shores of Nantucket," published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., 1853. The writer was Charles F. Briggs, and the "harper," whose exploits are celebrated in the poem, was "Blind Frank," the fiddler, from Cape Cod, whose limited repertoire was performed, as related, at the annual "Shearing" festivities for many years in the olden time. The "tu I can," referring to the only tunes he could play, is easy to understand, but just what was meant by "tu I can't," I never could quite fathom.

Yorick.

THE HARPER.

Old Ocean's stormy barrier passed.
The Harper gained the beach at last;
He seized his harp, he leaped ashore;
He played his wild refrain once more,
The same old sixpence, tu and tu,
Echoed the shores of bleak Coatee—

'Twas tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

Onward, but not unheeded, went
The Harper old; his form was bent,
His doublet wool, his hose were tow,
His pantaloons were cut so so;
The people gazed, the coofs admired,
And many stranger things transpired;
Coppers from many a hand were rung,
As, wading through the sand, he sung—

'T is tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

'T was just midway of all the year,
When flowers and fleeces first appear,
When grass is grown, when sheep are
sheared:

When lillies, like a lady's hand,
Their scented petals first expand;
When flowery June was in her teens,
The Harper, 'mid his favorite scenes,
Played tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

The streets are passed, the plain is
reached,

Whose uniqueness was ne'er im-
peached,

Dearer to him than Marathon,
Or any plain beneath the sun;
Dearer by far than hymns or psalms,
The bleatings of those new-shorn
lambs;

Dearer than all that homespun strain
The Harper wildly sings amain—

'T is tu I can't and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

The Harper seats him 'neath a tent,
Made of a mainsail, patched and rent;
The curious folk, of every hue,
Looked on as though they'd look him
through;

He signifies his calm intent
To drink—of the liquid element;
He eats a large three-cornered bun;
And then, his slight refection done,
He takes his harp, and plays again
The same mysterious wild refrain—

'T is tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

Soon as the Harper old appeared,
A ring was formed, a space was
cleared;

Three ladies, clad in spotless white,
Three gentlemen, all dandies quite,
Impatient for the dance, are seen
On the brown sward—some call it
green,

No light fantastic toes belong
To any of the joyous throng,
They're all prepared to reel it strong;
The Harper rosins well his bow—
His very catgut's in a glow,
With tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

The sheep are sheared; the reel is
done,

The Harper back to Coofdom gone;
My lay is closed, you'll think it meet;
Pleasures are always short when sweet;
'T was so when first the world began,
'T will be so when the world is done.
Who was the Harper? what his strain?
Wait till you hear him play again—

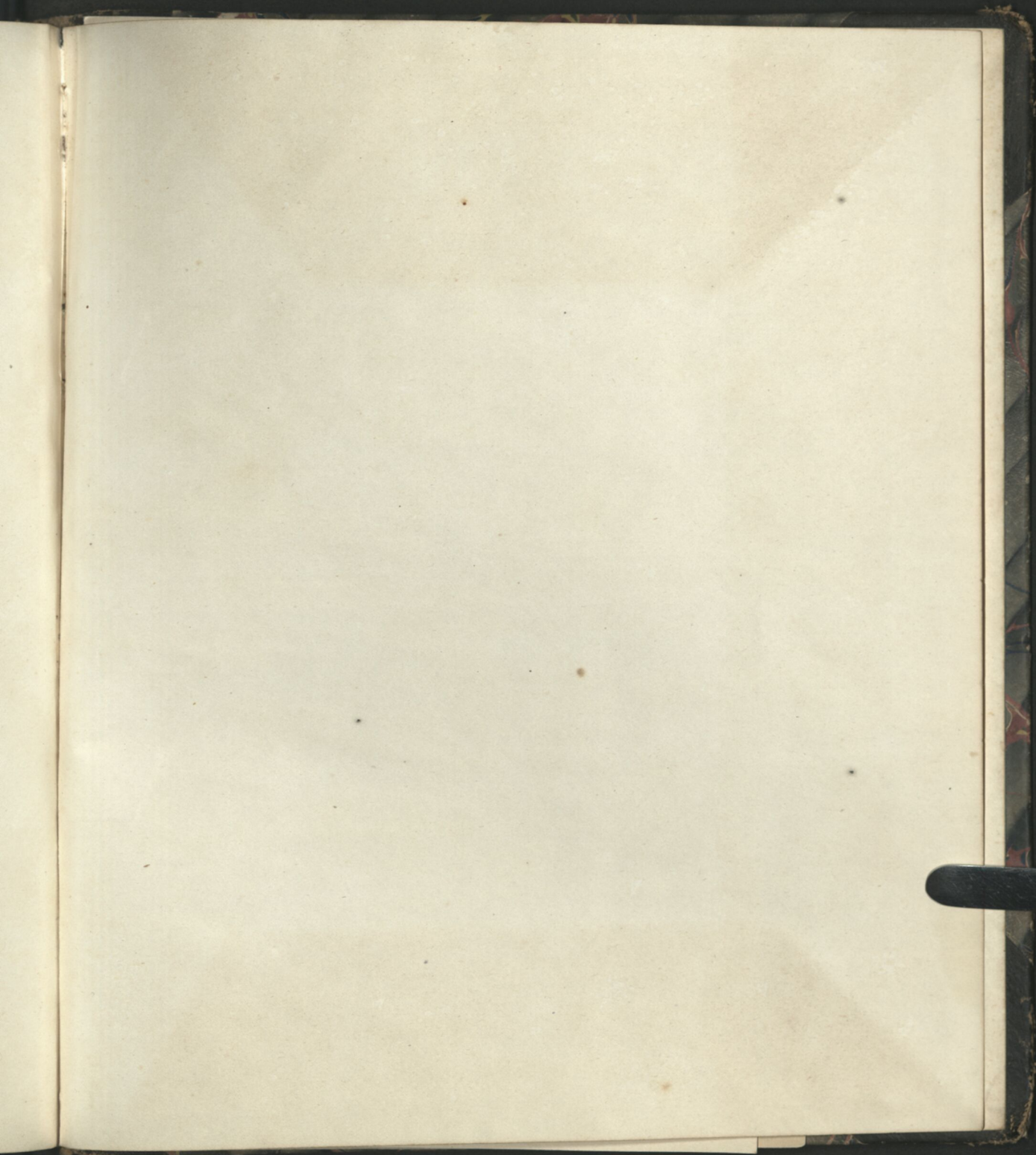
'T is tu I can't, and tu I can,
All the way to shearing pen.

[We have been shown a copy of the book "Seaweeds From the Shores of Nantucket," which contains the above poem and numerous other old-time gems. It belongs to Thomas S. Ceely of this town, who will doubtless willingly loan it to "Summer Visitor," if desired.]

Wedding Anniversaries

1st..... Cotton	12th..... Silk and Linen
2nd..... Paper	15th..... Crystal
3rd..... Leather	20th..... China
4th..... Books	25th..... Silver
5th..... Wooden	30th..... Pearl
6th..... Garnet	35th..... Sapphire
7th..... Woolen	40th..... Ruby
8th..... Bric-a-Brac	50th..... Golden
9th..... Topaz	75th..... Diamond
10th..... Tin	

My doll, my dolls my Anabel,
This really looking far from well,
Her ring is gone, her eyes are out,
Her legs are somewhere hereabout.
Her arms were eaten by the pup.
The hen ate all her sawdust up,
So all that's really left of her
Is just her clothes and character.



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Five Minutes Late!

For my love I've waited long while, as
often I've done before;
He's behind his appointed time, a
minute, or two, or more.

I'll up and see if he's coming, o'er
the garden wall I'll peep;
If I sit any longer here, I shall
dream myself to sleep.

His coming! I see him! high ho!
I dote on being in love.
One feels so consequential when called
an Angel or a dove.

Oh! doesn't he burn in a flutter,
as he hastes across the field:
Now, he stops to look at his
watch - my heart's beginning to quail.

" Natural Bridge, Vir.

" Yosemite Falls, Cal.

one is often so away of ones self that a
resemblance of that self would never heighten
affection the heart requires contrast of
character but harmony of sentiment
not unvarying congenialities but answer-
ing sympathies

Keep 5 min late

J. Smehurst

1357 N 21

Professors of the University
Leicester


This Minutes Late!

For my love I've waited long while, as
often I've done before;

He's behind his appointed time, a
minute, or two, or more.

I'll up and see if he's coming, o'er
the garden wall I'll peep;

If I sit any longer here, I shall
dream myself to sleep.

He's coming! See him! high ho!
I dote on him in love.

One feels so consequential when called
an Angel or a dove.

Oh! doesn't he burn in a flutter,
as he hastes across the field?

Now, he stops to look at his
watch - my heart's beginning to yield.

7 Wonders of the world
both Ancient, and
New.

The 7 wonders of the world
in Ancient times, were.

The Pyramids of Egypt.

" Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

" Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

" Statue of Jupiter, at Athens.*

" Mausoleum at Halicarnassus ^(40 ft.)

" Colossus at Rhodes, 105 ft.

" Pharos at Alexandria.

* The Statue of Jupiter Olympus
was composed of ivory and gold,
75 ft. high

Seven wonders of the new world.
The Falls of Niagara.

" Yellowstone Park.

" Mammoth Cave

" Garden of the Gods.

" South Cañon.

" Great Trees of California

" Natural Bridge, Vir.

" Yosemite Falls, Cal.

The Universal Prayer,
by Alexander Pope.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehova, Jove or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least ^{stood,} under-
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknaving hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;

St aught thy wisdom has denied,
or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Meean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
Oh lead me whereeae'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!
This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestu'd or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Where altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

